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EDUCATION A NATIONAL CONCERN.*

"Whatever may stimulate the powers of the understanding or may regale the appetite for speculation by even that glimmering and imperfect light which is made to play in a mechanic school among the mysteries of nature, or may unveil though but partially the great characteristics of wisdom and goodness that lie so profusely scattered over the face of visible things, or may both exalt and give a wider compass to the imagination, or may awaken a sense before dormant to the beauties of the Divine workmanship and to the charms of that argument or of that eloquence by which they are expounded,—*each and all of these* might be pressed into the service of forming to ourselves a LOFTIER POPULATION."—*Chalmers.*

NATIONAL EDUCATION based on reasonable principles and regulated by the State is a great and urgent necessity, that becomes every day more and more obvious to the thinking men of all parties. The people cry out for self-government, for the exercise of that power which their recognition as a free people has led them to consider as their right; but whether it be a just claim or not, it is so strongly enforced, that we dare not refuse to entertain the question of right that they urge upon us. Meanwhile we must provide, if merely out of regard for the safety of ourselves and our property, that these powers, whenever granted and to whatever degree, shall be properly exercised,—in short that they shall not be like edge-tools placed in children's hands,—alike dangerous to themselves and all around them; and the only means by which the interests of society can be so secured is by giving to the masses of our population an education—religious, moral, and intellectual,—*religious*, that they may know their duty to God and the ultimate principles of moral obligation,—*moral*, that they may be able to trace in detail the various ramifications of the social duties,—and *intellectual*, that they may be able to exercise a mature judgment on the various matters domestic, social, and political, that come under their consideration. It must be acknowledged that this compulsory view of education is a very low one to take of so important a subject: but it is to be feared, that many who admit its necessity, defend it on no higher ground. That many persons, highly to their credit, have taken up the subject from the higher motives of religion and morality, and that their philanthropic activity has undoubtedly been productive of great national good, cannot be denied; but however much higher the ground which they take than that as-

* Central Society of Education. First publication, 12mo. pp. 414. Taylor and Walton.

sumed by the first who look on the education of the masses as a species of necessary evil, it does not seem to us that in carrying out their plans they proceeded on right principles. If the distinctive character of man be the possession of a faculty or faculties, whereby he forms ideas, compares them with each other, and accumulates them, as it were, for future use,—if man according to the schoolmen be *animal sentiens*,—he should be treated as such; and every method of training man must be radically defective, that does not educate his mind. Education, in short, must be intellectual, or it is unworthy of the name:—it is a shadow without a substance,—a dead, unmeaning form. Intellectual education, till within a very few years, was unknown except to the Edgeworths, the Aikins, and the Pestalozzis, who conscious of the correctness of their own views were willing to endure the scoffs and sneers of those who called them dreamy and unpractical speculators. The clergy patronised, as indeed they still patronise, a system, whereby children were treated as the mere lifeless components of a machine—lifeless itself:—the chartered schools were confined to the teaching of the dead forms of grammar and a few words of ancient vocabularies:—and in the private schools, high or low, for poor or rich, left to the care of men responsible only to parents quite incompetent to give an opinion for or against—men, whose interest was to pay the smallest possible salaries to their ushers and to send in the largest possible bills to the parents—men who were as ignorant as idiots of the first principles of teaching and no less so of the first principles of knowledge, little or nothing was done to prepare children for the business of mature years. Education, indeed, began where it should have ended,—when the children left school and not when they entered it. Let any sensible person of any class—whether from national school, public school, or private school—answer this question whether he was ever asked or led to *think* of his lessons, to exercise his judgment on their meaning,—in short, actively to employ his mind. Ninety-nine out of every hundred will answer in the negative; and if any one should affirm, that under the formal, mechanical system, whose defects are now in course of developement, he did progress, did receive instruction mainly instrumental in making him an useful and distinguished member of his class, we answer that he became such, not through the means, but in spite of the hindrances of the system. However unfavourably such defects in the plans and conduct of education may have acted on society at large, it is on the poor, chiefly, that its most baneful influence is discernible and especially on those who live in the rural districts. The boy belonging to the higher or middle classes, when he returns from school, beholds around him those, whose experience or reading enables them to give him in a familiar way the instruction which his school furnishes not; and thus he is stimulated to think for himself and to begin the work of self-education. The child of the tradesman or the intelligent artisan, though not so favourably situated as the former, still has many opportunities placed in his way, which his young and active mind seizes, of getting instruction:—his book-lessons are formal and dull,—his lessons of life are vital and interesting, and they often decide his future pursuits. But when

the child belongs to ignorant parents who are able to impart nothing to their offspring except their own evil habits and narrow prejudices, and especially, when—as in the rural districts—his opportunities of observing character are confined within a scanty village, then his case is truly pitiable and requires that some means should be adopted, by which he may rise to his proper dignity as a human being. If education be good at all,—surely it is our duty to procure the best for those who most need its blessings; and we feel most strongly impressed with the conviction, that these blessings cannot be made either effectual or universal, until we rise, as a great nation, provide the means, and order the machinery that shall work this mighty reformation. The dame and the parish-schoolmaster have been tried and found wanting; and the clergy have too generally confined their instruction to sectarian dogmas for the most part unintelligible to children:—the field is yet open, and it remains for the Legislature to send labourers for its culture.

EDUCATION in all its branches and at all its periods—from the earliest years of the infant to the time when the full-grown man enters on his profession, is the subject which the Central Society of Education (whose general objects we gladly announced some months back, and whose first publication we now notice) desires to patronise and advance; and in the publications to which their name gives currency, there will constantly be found essays by practical men on the best methods of conducting the different branches of instruction, and much valuable information, besides, on the state and progress of education in this and other countries. We are most happy to perceive from Mr. Duppa's leading paper, that the feeling of the Central Society is so strong in favour of national education; and it is to be hoped that all opposition will soon yield to the calm but firm endeavours made for its establishment by the most enlightened men of the present day both in and out of Parliament. The Education Committees, Lord Brougham's Bill, the Statistical Societies in London and Manchester, the members of the British Association, and lastly, the Society of Education, are all strong agents in producing the end so much to be desired; and we are sure that we shall not have long to wait for the consummation of our wishes.

To proceed to describe this book a little *en détail*,—we have an essay by Mr. Wyse on the progress and prospects of education in the United Kingdom, distinguished by that power of thought and thorough knowledge of the subject so visible in his larger work. He gives a very brief but comprehensive view of the history and present state of education in the three kingdoms, from which he concludes that, though there be evils, great in magnitude as in number, yet that we ought not to sink in apathy or despondence. Improvements, however slight, have been real; there is ground for encouragement even in our past progress; and the future offers much more. His observations on the present state of education in England are as follow:—

“The limits of this paper preclude the possibility of going into much detail on the history or state of education in England. Here, as in Scotland, elementary education, whether in the hands of societies or individuals, is tolerably extended, but altogether incomplete; frequently miserable in amount,

still more wretched in quality. The Reports of the Statistical Society of Manchester present a painful and humiliating picture of the general mass of our so named, but misnamed, education; the mere material organization—school-houses, outfit, &c.—of the worst possible description; the intellectual and moral still worse. Bad sites, bad air, garrets and cellars for school-rooms,—every thing to produce both physical and mental injury,—are a few only of these features: a much more afflicting characteristic is the want of teachers, of books, and instruction; the very essentials, in fine, of education are wanting. They are mere lock-up houses to ease parents for a certain number of hours of their children. The great majority of the schools in the thriving towns of Manchester, Salford, Bury, Liverpool, are of this class; and there is no reason for supposing they do not present a pretty fair sample of what is usually to be met with in the great majority of our commercial cities. The country districts are secured indeed by their mere position from many of the physical evils; but from few, if any, of the mental. The Dame-schools are types of the greater part of these institutions: the simplicity of childhood is taught by ignorance, and often by imbecility. It is true, indeed, that these defects have long since attracted the attention of benevolent individuals and associations; and, amongst others, the National Society and the British and Foreign have become conspicuous. But neither appears to have remedied the evil, or indeed to have fully understood the true nature of the means by which it was to be remedied. Their whole system refers much more to a certain series of applications, than the being to which they are to be applied. It presupposes no knowledge, no study of the infant mind; it treats all with the same dose of words, and pulls all by the same wires to the same attitude. Scriptural teaching is a mere stringing together of half-understood or altogether misunderstood phrases. That it is well meant, I have no doubt; but that it is wisely done, is quite another question. In most of these elementary schools the instruction is reduced to its very simplest elements. It is often little more than reading; and though I have not heard that writing has generally been protested against, as in the case of some of the workhouse establishments, as little more than reading and writing as was at all possible has been conceded. That there are not exceptions to this character, it would be unjust to deny; but it must still be remembered they are exceptions. The British in some particulars maintain a considerable superiority over the National, and some schools in each over the other. Private schools, in many places, have rivalled the excellence of the best in Scotland or on the Continent. But private schools are often, after all, but proofs of the inefficiency of public ones, and of the necessity that exists of supplying their defects or their place. The more superior, the more clearly they mark the inferiority of their rivals,—the more forcibly they attest the immense space yet to pass before the public instruction can attain its just place. In no country is the strife between the new and old educations more vehement,—the education which deals with mind as spirit, and that which deals with it as matter. In no country are there greater anomalies,—greater differences, not merely on the means, but the ends of education. Nor is this discoverable in elementary only; it runs up through the entire system.

“If we find in the country and town schools little preparation for the occupations, still less for the duties of the future agriculturist or mechanic, we find in the Grammar schools much greater defects. The middle class, in all its sections, except the mere learned professions, find no instruction which can suit their special middle-class wants. They are fed with the dry husks of ancient learning, when they should be taking sound and substantial food from the great treasury of modern discovery. The applications of chemical and mechanical science to every-day wants,—such a study of history as will show the progress of civilisation,—and such a knowledge of public economy, in the large sense of the term, as will guard them against the delusions of political fanatics and knaves, and lead to a due understanding of their posi-

tion in society, are all subjects worth as much labour and inquiry to that great body, as a little Latin learnt in a very imperfect manner, with some scraps of Greek to boot,—the usual stinted course of most of our grammar-schools. Ancient learning is a noble and beautiful temple, but which is not to be profaned by these rude and hasty intrusions. If antiquity is to be studied, let it be in the mind as well as in the words of antiquity. Nor is their religious training much better managed than in the elementary schools. The 'Alphabet learning' of the Sacred Writ, the superstitious preference of letter to spirit, continues to prevail. Of the discipline of some of the higher I forbear to speak. The discipline there pursued, which astonishes other nations, has at last roused ours. High-schools are beginning to appear beside our great public schools; not only pointing out the better way, but gradually winning to it, or forcing to it by competition, these public schools themselves. The London University, now University College School, the Proprietary College at Bristol, the High-school of the corporation of London, that about to be opened at Liverpool, with numerous other foundations emanating from the same desire, and the same just appreciation of true education, all intimate that the tide is far more advanced than we could calculate, from the old endowments of the country. Nor are these endowments themselves without feeling in some degree the same influences.

"We have no grounds to dread the future. It is impossible, in this great industrial community, with mind at work in all its modifications around us, that sooner or later every class should not require supply for its own especial necessities in education; and, having felt the desire, should not seek and soon find the best means which civilisation can furnish for its gratification.

"But the great defect of English education, to which most of its injurious and inefficient working may be traced, is the total want of a national organisation. There is not, as in all Continental countries, a Minister and Council of Instruction; nor, as in Scotland, a General Assembly; nor, as in Ireland, a Board of Education. It forms the one great exception to the entire civilised world. The result is not of such a nature as to make us much in love with the cause. It could easily be shown that the voluntary system of public instruction, with no central power to guide, aid, or control, has not only not worked well, but worked nearly as ill as any system well could. Every sort of antic has been played; all sorts of empiricism been permitted; immense waste of time, money, and labour,—often, too, of the most admirable zeal and the best intentions,—with the most miserable, if not injurious, results. It is not so much funds which are required as knowledge. Twenty or thirty thousand pounds distributed between rival societies will not perform the miracle. If the state is to touch our public schools at all, she must do it through a proper department. No more grants,—or a minister and council through which they are to come. But such has been the whole of our legislation. We give functions long before we dream of the organisation through which they are to be exercised; and for every act we start some petty expedient machinery for the day, the worst usually which could be devised. Not a step should be attempted before this be done. Once we have got good instruments to work with, we can work well. Normal schools, model schools, books, buildings, all should follow, not precede. System is nothing but simplifying the complicated,—rendering the difficult easy,—extending the restricted,—making what we give good, and making the good common to all. Why should it be rejected? Difficulties there may be, but none which good sense and strong will may not beat down. There is no possible reason why Government, in the case of England, should not act as in the case of Ireland. Is a Home Secretary here, of shorter arm and poorer courage than a Chief Secretary there? a 'Letter of Instructions' may fairly anticipate an 'Act of Parliament.' What we want is the organisation. We will take it even as an experiment, and for the legislative sanction consent to wait.

"A Board of Education for England, another for Scotland, a third for Ire-

land, all acting under the Minister of Public Instruction here, with large powers over new and old endowments, and with adequate funds, composed fairly, and acting under constant parliamentary and government inspection; but, above all, under the universal public eye: a wise share of co-operation granted, and required from the people, in parishes, towns, counties, and provinces, through the public bodies most appropriate in each,—this, I conceive, to be the first preliminary to all real reform of a general nature in our national education; the only reform indeed which can give it a national character, or leave us the hope that our posterity will enjoy a sound, universal, and permanent system."

Passing over Dr. Reid's little paper on Elementary Chemistry as a branch of general instruction, which is not altogether new to us who are well acquainted with his invaluable little manual,—we proceed to notice Mr. Baker's excellent article on the Education of the Senses, as exhibited in the instruction of blind, deaf, and dumb persons. It is, as the writer of these remarks thinks, the most useful among the many useful articles that compose the book before him; and what is more, it indicates its author's possession of an experience and thorough knowledge of *sensual* education, of which few besides himself can boast. With the recollection of one or two articles in the Journal of Education fresh upon us, and not forgetting two or three original works on the same subject, we do not hesitate to express our opinion most highly in favour of Mr. Baker's talents.

Professor De Morgan's observations on the value of mathematics in education are witty and satirical; but they are highly useful, inasmuch as they point out the real nature of the study and with what views it should be pursued. In point of cleverness and originality this paper bears the palm over every other in the book. It is much to be regretted that we have no room for an extract from this very ingenious and witty paper. The writer must be a good-natured, jocose companion, as well as a mere abstract philosopher. Mr. Witlich's paper is a very modest, but extremely satisfactory exposition of the past and present condition of the elementary schools in Prussia. Beginning with 1770, when Frederick the Great took the first steps in improving the then wretched state of the schools throughout his territories, and after showing by what means the improvements in the higher classes of schools were effectuated at an earlier period than the rest, the author proceeds to explain the benefits derived from the benevolent and scientific exertions of Pestalozzi, who may truly be called the founder of the new system of education,—inasmuch as he was the first to raise teaching to an art based on the knowledge of human nature. This excellent man, although his principles admitted of universal application, adapted them only to the training of the lower classes; but fortunately enough of good was seen to flow out of his imperfectly developed plans to induce the Prussian government and several Germanic princes to transplant them into their own elementary schools and to carry out the system to a much greater extent than was practised by Pestalozzi. Since the period at which these plans were introduced into Germany, a progressive improvement has taken place, and although the schools are neither so numerous nor so well supplied with efficient teachers as might be wished, yet the continual exertions of the Prussian government furnish ground for the hope

that every defect will in time be supplied and the system be brought to perfection. The subjects taught in these elementary schools are six:—1. The native language (*Muttersprache*), not merely mechanical reading and writing, but the common-sense of grammar and instruction in the expression of ideas. 2. Mathematics (*Größenlehre*), that is, arithmetic and geometry, based on the knowledge of number and size furnished by surrounding objects and conducted throughout by constant appeals to the senses and the understanding. 3. Knowledge of the external world (*Weltkunde*), which comprehends all *objective* teaching, such as geography from that of the play-ground or village to that of the maps on the school walls, botany, mineralogy, history of animals, &c. &c., all based on actual observation either of specimens or representations. 4. Drawing, with the view of training the eye to correctness, and giving facility to the hand. 5. Religion. 6. Singing. We heartily recommend our readers to read attentively Mr. Wittich's paper, as containing hints by which teachers in this country may greatly profit.

From Mr. Duppa's paper on the "Industrial Schools for the Peasantry," which very clearly exhibits the imperfection of schools that confine their efforts to literary instruction and shows most satisfactorily the good that has already flowed from the occasional adoption of industrial schools, we hope to see many good results. That there are scattered through the length and breadth of our island persons fully able and well inclined to adopt every measure that may ensure for those around them the greatest possible measure of happiness, we cannot doubt; and surely nothing can promote it more than the formation of virtuous and industrious habits.* We think, however, with Mr. Duppa, that the only way of ensuring the full benefits derivable from such a system among the mechanical and agricultural classes is to place it in the hands of Government. But let the author speak for himself.

"For the purposes of national education we must look for assistance greater and more uniform than individuals or societies can give.

"'Most governments,' says Xenophon, 'leaving the education of children to the discretion of parents, and the liberty of living as they please to those of mature age, then forbid theft, burglary, personal violence, adultery, disobedience to those entrusted with power, and other actions of a similar nature; and, in the instance of any of these injunctions being transgressed, punish the offenders. But the Persian laws, taking a higher ground, provide that their citizens shall not even desire to do that which is wicked or disgraceful.' He then proceeds to state how, by a careful education, it was provided in Persia that the youth should, from an early period, be obtaining a correct knowledge of the objects and character of human action, and acquiring habits of justice, temperance, and endurance. As did the governments which Xenophon thus reprobates, so does ours. The working population, which constitutes the great mass of society, have, from the necessity they are under of labouring continually for their bread, but little time for attending to the education of their children, even supposing them otherwise capacitated for so doing; while

* Would it not fall in with the views of this Society to publish this paper as a tract and diffuse it largely among the landed proprietors and the more intelligent clergy of England? The expense would be very small; the chances of good very great.

the schools, where there are any to which they can send their children, are for the most part of a character, which not only forbids hope of good, but even creates apprehension of evil.

"The labourers arrive at the age of manhood without any means being taken, which any reasonable person could consider as influencing them to act rightly, or even giving them a knowledge of what is right; and still, most absurdly, poor human nature is blamed for mistaking the way, and punishment dealt out to it with an unsparing hand. Most inconsiderately, indeed, does man deal with his fellow-man, and through sheer ignorance offer repeated insults to the humanity to which he himself belongs, by his treatment of his fellow-men,—forgetful that the undervaluing of humanity in others is a direct insult to himself. Let us for a moment consider the different lights in which different descriptions of persons will regard the same individual. The farmer considers himself as concerned in the bodies, the bones, and sinews,—the mechanical powers alone of his servants; the divine as only in the souls of his congregation; and the school-master as only in the intellect of his pupils. Each, therefore, has tasked that portion only of the being which he considered regarded him; neglecting the other portions, as though they were of no importance. But, as the Almighty has made man a compound of all three, the action of one is never healthful without the others are in harmony with it. The consequence of this has been, that the farmer, instead of gaining what he aims at—the greatest possible advantage from the labour of his men, obtains only such a small portion of it as is gained from the ill-directed and languid exertions of men who work without intelligence and a sense of moral obligation. The divine, instead of, by his exhortations, making good and happy men regardful of the rights of others, but too often makes bigots and enthusiasts ignorant of their duties, uncharitable to their neighbour, and despising the common occupations of life. While the school-master, instead of producing men trained in body, mind, and morals to make useful and intelligent members of society, sends forth beings undisciplined in morals, unacquainted with the use of knowledge, but armed with a weapon, of the power of which they have some indefinite notion, and from the possession of which they are as likely to derive and inflict injury as good. It is, however, a subject of congratulation, that these different persons cannot gain their respective ends in defiance of the constitution of man. What a hopeless state a large portion of mankind would be reduced to, if no inconvenience resulted from the gross absurdity of the farmer, for instance, in endeavouring to avail himself of a man's physical powers, without taking into consideration the other portions of his being; if, for instance, the miserable, ignorant, and vicious peasant was, as a labourer, as diligent and as effective as one happy, intelligent, and moral,—there would be no hope; those who had the power would attain their respective ends; they would feel no inconvenience; and their peasants, like any other machinery on their farms that worked well, would continue without a thought being given as to the means of improving them; but such never was, and never will be the case. Inconvenience is felt, and the blame laid by the masters on all shoulders but the right ones—their own. Their men, they say, are not to be trusted—indolent and drunken; their women dawdles, and prostitutes. In many counties it is difficult to procure a servant who can wash, bake, sew, or manage a dairy. They all work for the time that hunger presses closely upon them; that removed, they remain in a state of listlessness. They know no games, they sing no songs, and have recourse to poaching, drinking, and debauchery, from sheer *ennui*.

But looking at the little that individual exertion or influence ever has, or ever can effect,—the vastness of what is to be done,—the numerous and large districts where there is no education whatsoever, and the whole rural population that is without any worthy of the name,—the scattered manner in which people live in the country—the differing opinions which there exist respecting the propriety of giving any education at all,—the total impossibility of col-

lecting sufficient funds, except from the charity of some rich proprietor, who may or may not be resident,—who, if so, may, or may not, be disposed to come forward,—who may, or may not, sanction a good system being pursued;—again, looking at the difficulty, nay, impossibility, of procuring competent masters at the inadequate recompence which is held out to them, even if they could be found,—we are unable to anticipate the adoption of any measures which will be equal to the emergency of the case, unless the subject be taken up by his Majesty's government. Something societies and individuals may do in accumulating information respecting the actual state of the country in this particular,—something they may do in inquiring into what education should be,—something they may do in demonstrating the practicability of good systems, by establishing schools upon them; but other than as fore-runners of, and as hastening an all-embracing and sound system of education (in doing which they are most useful), we hold them, in a public point of view, as little worthy of consideration.

“‘Sovereigns and chiefs of nations!’ says De Fellenberg, in deep earnestness, ‘the fruitful source of sedition, of crime, of all the blood which flows upon the scaffold, is owing to the erroneous education of people. Landlords! it is here you must seek the cause of all those obstacles which the idleness and growing vices of the labouring classes oppose to the increase of the produce of your estates.’—‘By degrading the people we dry up the richest source of power, of wealth, and of happiness, which a state can possess.’”

We merely mention Mr. Baker's Statistical paper on Mechanics' Institutions and Libraries, for mere description would give the reader no idea of its contents, however valuable they really are; and for the same reason we are compelled to pass over Mr. Allen's plan of teaching Greek, which, though not original, but almost wholly borrowed from his own teachers, contains many important maxims. Mr. Hawes's paper on the treatment of juvenile offenders is too good, however, and the subject of it is too important, to allow of its being lightly passed over. If there be any one branch of judicial legislation that has met with less attention than the rest, it is the management of our prisons: indeed it is a shame and a reproach to us, that our misnamed penitentiaries and houses of correction are nurseries of crime and sinks of impurity and immorality, where the old and hardened criminal is allowed to corrupt and pollute even the youngest and most trifling offender. It is an imperative duty on the legislature to stay this moral plague; and nothing can effect this object unless it be a complete separation of juvenile offenders in a prison expressly adapted for their reformation and education. Mr. Hawes's plan for such a prison or penitentiary is as follows:—

“We should propose that Houses of Detention rather than prisons, should be established; that all acts of theft should be deemed misdemeanours, subjecting the party at once to a long period of detention,—perhaps even for as long a term as seven years,—for reasons which we will give, *subject to such mitigation* as a board established for that purpose, and under the authority of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, should determine, and which should be founded only upon the character of the offender, and the means of support and employment which parents could command. The ground of mitigation always to be recorded.

“That upon committal to any such House, and during a probationary period, which should be long or short at the discretion of the board, there should be no communication whatsoever with parents or friends; that the board should have the power, on the expiration of a *probationary* period, to

communicate with the parents as to their power to provide for the prisoner, and, upon their inability to do so, to lay the case before the next quarter-sessions held nearest to the residence of the parents, upon due notice to the parents, and call upon them to show why the child should not be apprenticed out, under the authority of the board, for such period as the court should sanction. In none of these cases should it be necessary to produce the prisoner in court, unless at the order of the court itself; being, as it appears to us, most undesirable that a young offender should ever be placed unnecessarily at the bar of a court of justice, and there be, as Mr. Alderman Harmer observes, the hero of the piece, with a sympathizing auditory around him.

"That the court should also have the power to make an order on the parent for such weekly allowance as his means should afford.

"That it should be in the power of the board to apprentice the children either at home or abroad, as they may see fit; and that for the purpose of having the requisite information at home, of the locality, nature, and extent of a demand for labour, the Boards of Guardians under the Poor Law Commissioners should be required to furnish returns from unions of parishes, showing whether there is any,—and what is the nature of the labour, in demand in the several parishes of every union.

"That cases which should be shown to be incorrigible, from frequent acts of insubordination during the confinement of the prisoner, by the board, should be presented as such to the quarter-sessions, and, upon the verdict of a jury, the culprit should be at the disposal of the board, under the secretary of state, and be subject to apprenticeship, at home or abroad, for such period as the board shall determine.

"It may be objectionable to give a further power of summary jurisdiction to our magistracy as at present constituted; but we can see no reasonable objection to giving such power to stipendiary magistrates in all our large towns. There courts might be provided wherever they do not already exist, to be presided over by a single justice, adequately paid and perfectly qualified for his office. By such means,—and by making all such courts, courts of record,—men of ability and standing at the Bar would be found willing to undertake the office.

"Here then are the outlines of the government, and of the penal conditions annexed to these Houses of Detention. The discipline we should form on a system very similar to that adopted by the Children's Friend Society.

"We extract an account of this society, first established by the persevering benevolence of Captain Brenton, R.N., from a tract published by the society and written by the second master.

"The boys are classed according to their moral character, and not according to extent of acquirement. The classes are marked A, B, C. The A class has a subdivision; each class has a monitor, and the first boy in class A, is called a general monitor: in school they are placed according to their acquirements, as, Bible class, Testament class, monosyllable class, spelling class, writing class, and so on; and of course there are then some monitors who at other times cease to act in that capacity.

"The first division of class A, are boys who are able to read and write, and whose moral habits are so good as to fit them to be recommended to a situation, or to be apprenticed the first opportunity. The second division are those whose moral character is good, but whose acquirements are not sufficient for them to be placed out. Class B, are those who endeavour to do right generally, and whose faults proceed from carelessness rather than from any vicious propensity; and class C, consists of those who are still bad and seem determined to do wrong.

"When a boy is admitted, he is placed at the bottom of class B. A journal of conduct for every half-day is kept by the master, and the names are regulated every Tuesday; if a boy's conduct is generally good, he gradually rises to class A; if bad, he sinks into class C. The boys composing this class are

always distinguished by sitting at the bottom of the table, and being allowed no privileges whatever: and such is the effect of this system of classification, that it rarely happens for a boy to remain in C class longer than a fortnight.

“The intention in establishing this society, now called the ‘Christian’s Friend Society,’ was originally to reclaim the neglected and destitute children that infest the streets of the metropolis, and to find employment for them after they had given proof of their reformation. Means of emigration to the Colonies were afforded; and comfortable situations, either as servants or apprentices, were there provided for them.

“The boys received into the Asylum may be divided into four classes, viz.—first class, boys of respectable parents who are reduced in circumstances, and orphans of ditto; second class, boys neglected and deserted by their parents, who have gained a living in the streets; third class, boys from work-houses, who, possessing an unsettled or enterprising spirit, have volunteered to emigrate; fourth, boys from the houses of correction, who, upon showing signs of penitence, have excited the sympathy of some persons, and these have exerted themselves to get them admitted into our Asylum on the expiration of their imprisonment.”

To detail further the contents of this little volume—the first, let us hope, of a large family, to which this Society may give birth,—would not only take up too much of our space, but might, perhaps, tire our variety-loving readers; but we cannot part from it without very respectfully offering one word of advice respecting these publications. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge tried by means of its *Journal of Education* to do precisely what the present Society contemplates—viz. “to inquire what is and what ought to be the education of both sexes of all classes;” and those efforts, we regret to say, were unavailing. The *Journal* was very ably conducted, and every number was replete with most important and valuable matter on Educational subjects; but, whether owing to a general indifference on the part of the public to the subject of teaching, or to the absence of lively and spirited writing on the part of the contributors,—in short, to whatever cause it might be attributed, this undertaking did not meet with that success which its unquestionable merits deserved, and after a fair trial of five years the work was discontinued very much to the sorrow of the writer of these observations. That a series of publications formed on the same plan as those which closed in 1835 will meet with more success at present we cannot think; and it is highly necessary that the Society should contrive some expedient by which they may insure for their books a greater popularity and wider sphere of usefulness than that attained by the *Journal of Education*. With this recommendation (which it is hoped will be taken in the same spirit in which it is given), we take our leave of the Society, fully convinced that, although great names are too often formal appendages to our national institutions, there are in the list of its members, names, whose owners—illustrious not merely by their own high endowments, but by their zeal for the moral and intellectual advancement of the species—will not allow themselves to be inactive spectators of the labours of benevolence which are going on around them, but will cordially give their powerful assistance to forward the education of ALL classes of a great and free people.

A TEACHER.

CITY SKETCHES.—BY AN OLD CITIZEN.

NO. III.]

THE MEETING OF CREDITORS.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening of a miserably wet day that Mr. Walton, who during the preceding two hours had been seated alone, busily engaged in posting his ledger, slowly closed that ponderous and important volume, and placing it with its auxiliary books carefully away in an iron safe, locked his counting-house, and retired up stairs.

Mr. Walton, having so done, took his accustomed seat by the fire, complained of the chillness of the night, and presently sank into a state of profound abstraction. It was a long while before he shook himself out of the reverie into which he had fallen.

"Ellen," said he at length, addressing his wife, a pretty delicate little woman, who occupied the opposite side of the fire, "I have very unpleasant news to communicate to you. Now, pray do not alarm yourself, promise me that you will be composed, bear it like a woman, and I'll tell you."

"What do you mean?" faltered Mrs. Walton, whom this very earnest exhortation to calmness and composure had, as is usually the case, contrived in no slight degree to agitate,—“what unpleasant news can you have to tell me?”

"I shall be compelled, I fear," said Mr. Walton mournfully, "to call my creditors together to-morrow, and I find, after taking every thing into account,—the debts due to me, the stock on hand, and my assets,—I find that I can only offer them a composition of seven and sixpence in the pound."

Mrs. Walton, it may be supposed, was exceedingly shocked at this unexpected announcement, but as it is my present business to state facts rather than to describe feelings, I forbear setting before the reader a domestic picture, however interesting to some the exhibition might appear.

"The creditor I have most reason to believe hostile to me," resumed Mr. Walton, "excuse me for saying so, my dear Ellen, is your father. You know the antipathy—I can call it nothing less—which he has for a long time past conceived against me; and the 500*l.* he lent me on our marriage, he has recently been very urgent to call back."

"I do not think you know him," said the wife, "if you suppose he would frustrate your efforts to settle your affairs. I will intercede with him; and I am sure, for the children's sake—"

Walton shook his head, "It will be to no purpose, I feel that,—my three principal creditors," he added, "will not stand in the way of an arrangement. Eager has always been extremely kind and

obliging: Grasp is one of the best friends I have; and as for Shark, I am sure of him."

The worthy couple having talked and retalked, and canvassed and argued the various matters connected with this unpleasant business, till the candles went into fits that threatened immediate dissolution, betook themselves to bed, there to renew the subject; but with no better success.

Mr. Walton was a Silkman and resided in Aldermanbury. On the death of his father he succeeded to a good business, and a few thousand pounds; and, about three years afterwards, contrived, but not without much difficulty, to acquire a wife,—Old Blunt, the father of the bride, having growled a very uncomplimentary consent to the match. The truth is, the old gentleman, amongst other partialities and prejudices which sometimes are discoverable in old gentlemen who can afford to do as they please, was extremely attached to his eldest daughter, and by no means so to the man whom she had selected for a husband. He thought him too young, too volatile, too gay; he wondered what could possess the coxcombs of the present day, to live at the rate they did;—and Walton was decidedly too expensive. These were serious charges, and old Blunt unfortunately had grounds for making them. Walton was at the period of his marriage very young and by no means averse from the pursuit of pleasure, and perhaps he did live in a style rather too expensive for his income. But when he took a house at Highbury and set up a gig, Blunt was inexorable. He refused to see his son-in-law, would never walk within a mile of the house at Highbury, and was completely upset by the gig.

Walton, it is true, in a short time perceived the folly of his proceedings. He gave up the house, sold the gig, and by assiduous attention to business endeavoured to keep together a connexion which the badness of trade caused by the recent panic had rendered rather insecure. But he was too proud to make advances to old Blunt, and the latter was too obstinate to meet him half-way, had he done so. At the time, then, of which we write, these two parties may be considered to have been on rather questionable terms; a constrained civility on one side, and a morose gruffness on the other.

It was with no slight degree of nervous trepidation that Walton wrote and despatched by the hand of his clerk, the several letters to his creditors conveying to them the unpleasant fact that he was about to call them together. How old Blunt would chuckle, would gloat, as it were, over his misfortunes was a conviction of painful certainty to him. Scarcely more pleasant was it to him to reflect on the probable behaviour of his friends Eager, Grasp, and Shark, upon this distressing occasion. He beheld Eager pressing his hand with sympathizing cordiality. He saw the big tear steal down the long face,—made longer than usual by this circumstance—of the worthy Grasp; he heard the tones of tender condolence which flowed, or would flow, from the tongue of the almost too sensitive and peculiarly amiable Shark. Walton was a man of a rather excitable temperament, and his heart was oppressed by a sense of pleasing pain when he recalled to mind the former conduct of his friends, which augured so nobly of their conduct to come.

The day at length arrived. A room had been engaged at the Baptist's Head in Cateaton Street—twelve o'clock was the hour appointed for the meeting; and Walton felt frightfully assured that some minutes before the clock struck, his several creditors, none of whom he had seen, since his stoppage, would be drawn up in awful array, prepared to receive him. With a pallid countenance, and a sinking of the spirits which, under the circumstances, he thought rather unaccountable, he ordered his porter to precede him with the books. Alas! he did not know until now, that conscious integrity which, the moralists tell us, is so serviceable a staff to support a man under his afflictions, is but a poor crutch to enable him to hobble into a meeting of creditors.

As he entered the room, and approached the table at which the gentlemen were seated, all eyes (and they none of them wore a too mild expression) were fixed upon him, as though anxious to discover through a physiognomical medium what composition the insolvent was likely to offer. The creditors at large received him with a variation of coldness or cordiality proportioned to their several claims upon him; but his friend Eager saluted him with, "Oh, here you are: you are rather behind time, Sir;" the worthy Grasp soothed him by, "Come at last, eh? you suit your own convenience, it seems, Mr. Walton;" whilst the too sensitive and amiable Shark was seized with a sudden cough, not unlike the bellowing of an ox, and entailed a glance upon him worthy of a cockatrice.

Mr. Shark, being the largest creditor, was forthwith inducted into the chair, and began to enter upon the matter in hand with much expedition.

"Where are the books, Mr. Walton?" said he, "it is necessary we should see them." The tone in which these words were spoken rather startled the debtor—it was so unlike the voice of Mr. Shark when he used to come and prevail upon him to take a parcel of goods. He produced his books, however, which were placed before the largest creditor with great solemnity.

"Have you prepared a balance sheet, Mr. Walton?" enquired Shark with some sharpness.

"I have, Sir."

"Hand it to me then: come—quick,—what's the man dreaming about? throw it over; there, that will do."

Mr. Shark examined the document with great care, and for a considerable period, furnished the creditors, as he proceeded, with such information as they could glean from certain dissatisfied grunts which escaped him at intervals.

He raised his eyes suddenly, and with his forefinger resting upon, or rather oppressing, a particular item in the balance sheet, thus addressed the pecuniary delinquent:—

"And now, Sir, what composition do you propose to offer us?"

"Why, Sir," said Walton humbly, "I cannot, as you will perceive, guarantee more than seven-and-sixpence in the pound."

"What!" thundered Shark with a savage glance, as though the debtor had proposed to receive that dividend out of, and not to pay it into, the pockets of his creditors.

"What!" he repeated, "seven-and-sixpence in the pound!" and he looked round upon the meeting—"do you hear that, gentlemen? do you hear that? seventeen and sixpence would be more likely, and bad enough then: seven and sixpence! ugh! won't do, Mr. Walton, won't do."

"If the creditors," cried Walton, with a half-warm earnestness, "will be so good as to look over the balance sheet, I am sure they will see that I *cannot* offer more."

Mr. Shark threw the paper from him with a look of supreme contempt.

Mr. Eager and Mr. Grasp were the first to explore the balance sheet. The former resigned it with an air of disappointed disgust, the latter thrust it away with a face of disgusted disappointment.

"I perfectly agree with Mr. Shark," said Grasp.

"And so do I," cried Eager.

And now the creditors by turns surveyed the document.

"It seems all fair," said one, appealing to his neighbour.

"Quite so."

"Poor Walton seems to have got into queer hands," whispered a third.

"Let them take care they don't get into the same hobble themselves," replied a fourth.

"Well, gentlemen, and what do *you* think of this precious business?" enquired Shark, when the gentlemen had completed their examination.

"Why, Sir," said the one who appeared to be more immediately addressed, "with great deference to you (for Shark was reputed *warm*), with great deference to you, we think we cannot do better than accept the composition Mr. Walton offers. It appears to us a perfectly straightforward and fair thing on his part. We think so."

Walton's eyes glistened as this first indication of human feeling met his ear.

"Oh! you think so, do you?" said Shark, with a sneer. "We shall soon see that. Be so kind as to hand that balance sheet to me once more."

"Here," he continued, suddenly lighting upon the item on which his forefinger had previously rested, "here, Mr. Walton, be so good as to explain this. I perceive you have set down Mr. Blunt as your creditor for £500. Mr. Blunt is your father-in-law, I believe?"

"He is, Sir," said Walton, and he lent me—"

"Do you see, gentlemen do you see?" interrupted Shark.

"And he lent you this money, did he?"

"He did, on my marriage."

"Lent it—on your marriage? ha! ha! very good," said Shark.

"I don't believe it," cried Grasp.

"Quite improbable," said Eager.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Walton with warmth, appealing to the three, "you know this to be true. You, in particular, Mr. Shark, have the best means of knowing this. You are acquainted with Mr. Blunt. He has told you so frequently, you know it, Sir."

"I know nothing," said Shark stiffly.

"Hear! hear! hear!" cried Messrs. Grasp and Eager.

"And pray, Sir," resumed Shark, "where is Mr. Blunt? why is he not here? he is a large creditor, you perceive, gentlemen."

"I cannot account for his absence," replied Walton; "he received a notice with the rest of the creditors, and I fully expected to see him here. But you know he was unfriendly to my marriage, and we have scarcely been on terms since. It is, I fear, with no kind feeling towards me that he absents himself from this meeting."

"A clear case of collusion," answered Mr. Shark, placing his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and tilting back his chair.

"Decided collusion," chimed Mr. Grasp.

"Collusion, certainly," acquiesced Mr. Eager.

"I beg your pardon, it is nothing of the sort," cried Walton, deeply mortified.—"Gentlemen, I am astonished at you. Mr. Blunt is no friend of mine—but he is an honourable man. He will satisfy you upon this point. He will say no more for me than he can; but he will say no less than the truth."

A dead silence succeeded of some moments' duration. Mr. Shark felt that he had gone too far, and the meeting, if they did not respect, were not inclined to disturb such feelings.

"Pray, Mr. Walton," said Sharp, taking off his spectacles, and balancing them on the table,—"*did you not, some years ago, keep your country house at Highbury, and a gig—I think you kept a gig?*"

"You are correct, Sir," said Walton, "*it was some years ago. But I have parted with them these five years.*"

"And so you keep a mansion, and an elegant vehicle with our money, eh? do you?" said Eager.

"That I have not done so," answered Walton, "my books will show; for within the last twelvemonth I was perfectly solvent."

"Ho! ho!" cried Shark, "and how comes this?"

"Bad debts, which few have escaped during the last year."

"Bad debts! bad management, habits of expense, no doubt of that. *I never make bad debts.*"

"You forget, Mr. Shark," said one of the creditors with a smile, "*that you are the largest creditor on this occasion.*"

Mr. Shark cast a deprecating glance at the speaker.

"May I ask," said Eager with an ungainly grin,—"*may I ask at what rate you have been living during the last three years?*"

"I should think, Sir, my expenses have not averaged three hundred a year."

"I should think not, indeed," said Grasp.

"I have a wife and four children," said Walton.

"A wife and four children! what of that?" cried Eager,—"*I have no wife and children.*"

"Shocking imprudence!" mumbled Grasp. Grasp had recently married a second wife, and was furnished with eight of those interesting articles.

"Their education is expensive," suggested Walton.

"Oh! you have them educated," cried Eager with a sneer—"there was nothing of that sort in my time: for my part I can't see the use of such nonsense. I suppose they must be educated like gentlemen, Sir?"

"I could have wished to bestow upon them a good education, certainly," said Walton mournfully.

"Oh yes, make physicians of them, no doubt," pursued Eager, "or bring them up to the pulpit or the bar."

"The *bench* I should rather say," interrupted Grasp, "if they are to follow their father's steps."

"Well, gentlemen, upon what are we agreed?" cried Shark suddenly,— "if you are of my opinion, I should say we have great reason to be dissatisfied with Mr. Walton's balance sheet. Suppose we adjourn this meeting for the present, and—shall we say to-morrow at this time? and then, perhaps, we may be able to decide one way or the other."

The motion was carried without a dissentient voice.

"You may go, Sir," resumed Shark, turning to Walton with a peremptory air, "and, mark you, be punctual to the moment. Twelve o'clock is *our* time."

Walton having made his bow, and followed by his porter with the books and balance-sheet, departed to his own house in a state of utter confusion, surprise, mortification, and despair. For the first time in his life he experienced the base, the dirty, the safe insults which gentlemen in the commercial world almost invariably cast upon those who are not in a situation to pay them "their due;" or, in other words, he was made to feel how effectually a man contrives to get out of people's books by getting into them. He was, most of all, astonished at the conduct of Eager, Grasp, and Shark. That they, of all others, should have treated him thus, was monstrous, was incredible!

He had been sitting in his counting-house during a space of three hours—his mind devoured by the corroding thoughts which the scene of the morning had engendered, when the opening of the door recalled him to himself. It was Mr. Eager. He had been thinking of him the moment before, and to think of the devil is more potential than talking of him.

"Pray keep your seat, Mr. Walton," said Eager with an assuaged aspect, and he himself took a chair, "I am come to talk over your affairs with you in a friendly way."

"Indeed!" said Walton, in surprise.

"Yes, indeed; I have been thinking over your affairs since the meeting this morning, and it strikes me that something may yet be done."

"I hope so," said Walton.

"Yes, yes," pursued Eager, musing, "something may yet be done. For instance, I will sign your composition."

"My dear Eager—"

"Upon one condition though," said Eager.

"Condition!" stammered Walton, "I am in no condition to make conditions."

"My dear Sir, you are. Walton," he continued, in a softly pleasing tone, "I have a friendship for you."

"I thought you had, until this morning," said Walton.

"It is as strong as ever," cried Eager—and here he probably spoke

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the truth. "But," he added, "you are connected with Braybrook of Coventry—don't interrupt me. Now, Walton, it will be impossible for you to keep this connexion; it is valuable, I know, and I am aware that they respect you, and would continue to do business with you if they could; but, after what has happened—"

"They will still give me their business," interrupted Walton. "I know you are aware of their respect for me, Mr. Eager, for you have written them many times endeavouring to supplant me."

"In the way of business I have sent them a circular or two, certainly," admitted Mr. Eager, who was never known to blush but once, and that was inadvertently,—“But, my dear Walton, they will abandon you after this—I am sure of it. Now, if you will write them—I know your influence with them—and persuade them to transfer their business to me—”

"The best customers I have,—” cried Walton.

"—Then," continued Eager, "I will accept your composition."

"I couldn't do it—I can't think of such a thing," said Walton positively.

"You mean to tell me," said Eager, "you will not do me a trifling service like this, which cannot do you any injury"—and he arose—"Good day, Mr. Walton."

Mr. Eager took his hat, and proceeded to the door. "Eh?" said he, turning suddenly round, affecting to hear something which the other had not uttered.

"I said nothing, Sir," said Walton. "I repeat, however, that I could never think of such a thing."

"Oh! very well, Sir, very well,—you may repent this;" and Eager, with much apparent indignation, and much real discomfiture, retreated into the warehouse, casting a contemptuous glance at the unconscious porter, as he left the premises.

Walton was not suffered to remain for a very long space of time pondering over the modest and friendly proposition of Mr. Eager before a second opening of the door disturbed him. It was Mr. Grasp.

"Well, Walton," said he, with as good-humoured an aspect as it was in his power to muster, "you've got over the first meeting. I hope we shall succeed better to-morrow."

"I fear, Sir," said Walton seriously, "from the feeling against me which was manifested to-day, that I have small reason to be sanguine as to the result."

"Oh! we must be severe—we must appear to be very particular," said Grasp. "You don't suppose I was in earnest when I spoke to you as I did?"

"Were you not, indeed?" cried Walton. "My dear Sir, I am sorry I should have believed it for a moment."

"Nothing further from my thoughts, I assure you," cried Grasp, shaking him by the hand. "By the bye, Walton, you intend to go on, of course."

"Oh, yes, of course," said Walton, "I must endeavour to support my family."

"Right—quite right," cried the other, "honourable and proper."

But now, Walton, my friend, you have dealt with me for some years, and I think we have been mutually satisfied."

"Quite so, on my part, I assure you."

"Well then, why couldn't you, my dear fellow, make up your mind to confine your business to me? I shall be happy to receive your orders, with proper security for the first three years, and after that time, you know, we could enter into another arrangement."

"My dear Sir, it is quite impossible," cried Walton, "it would be my ruin. You cannot supply many of the goods I require."

"But I could get them," insinuated Grasp.

"Not to answer my purpose," said Walton. "My dear Mr. Grasp, only reflect! Deal with nobody but yourself! Don't you see it would be quite out of the question?"

"Out of the question?" said Grasp, "do you say so, Mr. Walton?"

"I do, Sir, it is quite impossible."

"Impossible?"

"Impossible."

"Then d— me, Mr. Walton, if I ever agree to your composition," exclaimed Grasp in a rage, "and so good-bye to you. I thought I knew you better."

"You cannot, surely, expect me to sacrifice myself for you," said Walton, detaining him by the arm.

"Let me go, I'll not hear another word," and Grasp broke away from him. "Ungrateful wretch! but this comes of being a friend," and so saying, he rushed into the warehouse; but finding that nobody rushed after him, he stopped suddenly.

"Have you any thing further to say to me, Mr. Walton?" he said, more calmly, returning to the counting-house.

"Nothing whatever."

"Oh! I thought you had; it's of no consequence;" and Mr. Grasp made his way into the street, in a state of mind only to be conceived by those who have experienced so ungracious a reception of their good offices.

Walton felt a stupefaction, a kind of stultification of the faculties creeping gradually over him, shortly after Grasp had made his exit. It was clear that his two friends would never accept his composition, and he must be made a bankrupt. What was he to do? What was to become of him? Which way was he to turn? A knock at the counting-house soon partially resolved this last question. He did turn in that direction. It was Shark!

Mr. Shark marched into the counting-house with all that dignity for which, or let me say, at which he was so remarkable. He inclined his head with solemn condescension towards the insolvent, intending thereby to convey an assurance to the unhappy man that he might take a seat in his own counting-house.

"This is an awkward business, Mr. Walton," he began, "a very awkward business: I think I have just reason to complain of you. Why did you not give me a hint as to the state of your affairs some time since? I might then have been induced—"

"To strike a docket against me," thought Walton.

— “Induced to lend you a helping hand to bring you through.”

“My dear Sir,” said Walton, “you know that the late failure of Benfield’s house, so sudden,—so unexpected on my part, is the sole cause of my stoppage. But for that, I need not to have called my creditors together.”

“Well, well,” said Shark appeased, “what is done cannot be undone. But this composition of seven-and-sixpence in the pound—it is very small, Mr. Walton, very small. I am a great sufferer—the largest creditor—a hard case.”

“I am very sorry for it,” said Walton, “believe me, I am.”

Mr. Shark wooed silence for some time, indeed for so long a period that one might almost have thought that he had succeeded in making up the match between them. He, at length, delivered himself of these words :

“Come, look up your friends : they, I am sure, do not wish to see you reduced to commence the world again under such unfavourable circumstances. They will lend you money,—I know they will.”

“I hope to get a little money together, certainly,” said Walton, “otherwise I shall be unable to resume business. I have given up every thing to my creditors—every farthing.”

“Nay, I didn’t mean *that*,” cried Shark abruptly, “I mean that, unless you can offer more, I will never sign your composition.”

Walton was now well nigh reduced to despair.

“Good Heavens ! Mr. Shark, do not say so.”

“Old Blunt will do something for you.”

“It is quite hopeless to expect it.”

“Recollect,” rejoined Shark, “you have treated me most shamefully.”

Walton did strive to recal that fact to memory, but could not succeed.

“Of the other creditors I say nothing,” continued Shark, “every thing is fair *there*—quite fair—but as for me—poor soft easy fool—.”

“My dear Mr. Shark—.”

“Walton,” cried the other, suddenly grasping him by the hand, “pay me in full, and I’ll sign your composition. I know you can : ha ! I know you can—,” and he winked his eye.

Walton burst into a laugh of the hysterical species.

“Yes, yes, all right,—I understand,” said Shark, “pay me the twelve-and-sixpence in the pound privately, and I’ll prevail upon the other creditors to take *six*-and-sixpence. I can tell them you ought to have something to go on with.”

“Good God ! Sir, what do you mean ? I cannot do it.”

“Eighteen shillings, then : say eighteen.”

“I would die first,” exclaimed Walton passionately ; “what right have you to think me so base a villain ?”

“Very well, Sir, very well, Sir,”—fumed Shark with ill-suppressed rage,—“I’ll be the ruin of you ; that’s all—I’ll—I’ll—you don’t know me, Mr. Walton.”

“Oh yes, I do,—now” said Walton bitterly.

“No insolence, Sir,—you *are* a villain, Sir,” and, hurrying into the warehouse, Shark encountered Mr. Blunt.

"Well, where is this man?" demanded old Blunt.

"Oh! you'll find him in there, Sir, and a precious rascal he is," cried Shark.—"Good morning, Mr. Blunt."

"I was unable to attend your meeting to-day," said Blunt gruffly, "how did it go off? but you need not tell me. Mr. Shark was there, I suppose."

"He was, Sir."

"Then what business has he here?"

Hereupon Walton, who felt at the moment that even old Blunt, as a confidant, would be a relief to his feelings, detailed the visits of his three creditors, and the conditions they had severally proposed to him.

"Um!—ah!" said Blunt, "wise men, you perceive, Mr. Walton, men of the world—men who look after their families. But where are your books? I mean to look over them strictly, I can promise you; so, if you have any where to go for a couple of hours, you may leave me here."

Walton, having laid before the old gentleman his books and balance sheet, left him to himself, and returned at the time specified.

Old Blunt had just closed the books, and was wiping his spectacles.

"I hope," said Walton, "you have found every thing satisfactory, considering the unfortunate position in which I am placed."

"Um—well, I don't know," returned Blunt with subdued gruffness, "I'll think about it. Where is your wife? is she up stairs? I'll just go and see her and the children. There,—now, you need'nt move: I know the way."

In about an hour old Blunt again entered the counting-house.

"Well," said he, "I shall be at the meeting to-morrow morning without fail."

"I am glad of that," said Walton, and he mentioned the suspicion of collusion which had been thrown out.

"Collusion? not a very likely thing, Walton, eh? but come, good-bye, give us your hand; what are you loitering about? give us your hand,—there. Your dinner's ready up stairs; go and eat it, and keep up your spirits, good-bye;" and the old gentleman hobbled away, leaving Walton no less affected than surprised by the unwonted kindness of his father-in-law.

Punctual as Walton contrived to be on the following day, and as, in point of fact, he had been on the previous morning, he found his creditors in the great room at the Baptist's Head before him. A solemn stillness reigned for some time, a silence which was only broken by the abrupt entrance of old Blunt.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I perceive you have not yet commenced proceedings. I wish to say a few words, which I may as well say at once. Mr. Walton tells me that a hint was thrown out yesterday, that there was a collusion between him and myself."

"Something of the kind was dropt inadvertently, certainly, said one of the creditors, but we at this end of the room are quite satisfied that there is no foundation for it. We only hope there may be as little foundation for the fear expressed by Mr. Walton that you were unfriendly to him."

"Um,—he thought *that*, did he?" growled Blunt, "then he was a fool for his pains. Now, I'll convince you of the contrary. His debts, I perceive, are something less than 2,500*l*—he owes me 500*l*. There, take that amongst you, it will give you a composition of twelve-and-sixpence in the pound."

Here a drumming on the table performed by the knuckles of the creditors at large saluted old Blunt, and they severally arose and shook hands with the insolvent. But Messrs. Eager, Grasp, and Shark, maintained a profound silence.

"What say *you*, gentlemen?" enquired Blunt.

Messrs. Eager and Grasp now arose; the former walking over to Walton to sound him once more touching the Coventry connexion, and the latter proceeding to insinuate to old Blunt the expediency of Walton's exclusive preference of himself in his commercial transactions. These several conferences were of short duration. Mr. Blunt was overheard to say in answer to Grasp's pleadings, "What the devil do you mean? sit down;" whilst a shake of the head on the part of Walton apprized the persevering Eager that his efforts were fruitless.

But Shark had not been idle. He was waiting in the immediate vicinity, and as soon as he saw that Walton had dismissed his man, he pounced upon the insolvent, and drew him to the window.

"Now, Walton, my good fellow, say the word: eighteen shillings in the pound, and I sign the composition."

"I cannot think of it: I am already overwhelmed by Mr. Blunt's goodness; but, if you like, I will communicate your proposition to the creditors."

"Not for the world—not for the world," cried Shark, slinking away.

"Gentlemen," resumed Mr. Blunt, "I have great cause to be dissatisfied with Mr. Walton, but for nothing so much as for the confidence he has placed in these three individuals," and he pointed to Eager, Grasp, and Shark.

"Would you believe it," he continued, "that Mr. Eager required Walton, as a condition of his signing the composition, to relinquish his best customer at Coventry—that Mr. Grasp made it a *sine qua non* that Walton should deal exclusively with him, and that Mr. Shark could be satisfied with nothing less than eighteen shillings in the pound, to be paid privately, and out of your pockets?"

A great sensation pervaded the meeting upon this announcement. Mr. Shark, who looked like a tiger suddenly deprived of its prey, rushed from the room; Mr. Grasp, who seemed as though the floor were giving way from under him, melted from their presence, and Mr. Eager starting like a two-penny postman who discovers a letter in his hand addressed to himself, suddenly bethought himself of something, and vanished.

"And now, gentlemen," once more spoke Mr. Blunt, turning to the body of creditors, "I am a man of few words. Come to me at my house to-morrow, and you shall be paid in full, and so shall the rascals who have just gone, although it's more than they deserve," and he lugged the bewildered Walton into the street.

"And now," said he, addressing his son-in-law as they walked home,—“you shall not want money to go on with. You're an honest fellow, and your wife tells me you're a good fellow, and I believe her. You shall dine with me to-day, the children and all.”

And thus ended this eventful meeting of creditors.

It was about three years afterwards, that Mr. Eager was seated on the Highflyer fast coach to Manchester (whither he was going for the purpose of undermining another man's connexion), when, just as he was about to enter the town of Macclesfield, the coach overturned, and the neck of Mr. Eager was unfortunately dislocated.

Mr. Grasp has since discovered that the state of trade renders a wife and eight children an inconvenient number to provide for; and although he does manage to totter on, it is not without requesting occasional credit from Mr. Walton.

And Shark, the other day, had some difficulty in persuading a body of gentlemen who met together, to accept the handsome and gratifying composition of five-pence-halfpenny in the pound.

As for Walton, when I last saw him, he was doing very well; indeed, I suspect him to be rather rich than otherwise.

SIR WALTER SCOTT—THE POET AND THE NOVELIST.

(Continued from page 455.)

IN the last number of this Magazine certain remarks were made on the character of the late illustrious Magician of the North, which, however severe they may appear to those, whom past gratification or party feeling have prejudiced in his favour, will undoubtedly appear quite just to those, who, throwing aside every thing except the sincere desire of ascertaining the truth, feel disposed to enter into the investigation of the facts on which the opinions that we have advanced are grounded. To comprise in one brief sentence what we before stated more at length, Sir Walter Scott was a profound antiquarian, an acute and retentive observer of national character and individual peculiarities, a dry and facetious humourist, a graphic describer both of still and animated scenery, and above all he was unequalled as a composer into one consistent whole of the various materials that came under his plastic hand:—in short one quality in addition would have made him perfect; but he possessed it not,—the poetic imagination. Leaving those who would further understand our meaning to consult our last number, we resume our account of Mr. Lockhart's admirable biography,—keeping our intention continually in view of deducing some conclusions therefrom that shall serve as the basis for a philosophical analysis of Scott's character.

The following extract from the Ashestiel memoir, in which Sir Walter Scott speaks of his tutor Mr. James Mitchell, a simple-hearted but amiable minister of the Kirk of Scotland, and subsequently one

of the Sabbatarian seceders from that establishment, who also gives his own account of his pupil in a subsequent chapter:—

“My father did not trust our education solely to our High School lessons. We had a tutor at home, a young man of an excellent disposition, and a laborious student. He was bred to the Kirk, but unfortunately took such a very strong turn to fanaticism, that he afterwards resigned an excellent living in a seaport town, merely because he could not persuade the mariners of the guilt of setting sail of a Sabbath,—in which, by the bye, he was less likely to be successful, as, *cæteris paribus*, sailors, from an opinion that it is a fortunate omen, always choose to weigh anchor on that day. The calibre of this young man’s understanding may be judged of by this anecdote; but in other respects, he was a faithful and active instructor; and from him chiefly I learned writing and arithmetic. I repeated to him my French lessons, and studied with him my themes in the classics, but not classically. I also acquired, by disputing with him, for this he readily permitted, some knowledge of school-divinity and church-history, and a great acquaintance in particular with the old books describing the early history of the church of Scotland, the wars and sufferings of the covenanters, and so forth, I, with a head on fire for chivalry, was a cavalier; my friend was a roundhead; I was a Tory and he was a Whig. I hated presbyterians, and admired Montrose with his victorious Highlanders; he liked the presbyterian Ulysses, the dark and politic Argyle; so that we never wanted subjects of dispute, but our disputes were always amicable. In all these tenets there was no real conviction on my part, arising out of acquaintance with the views or principles of either party; nor had my antagonist address enough to turn the debate on such topics. I took up my politics at that period as king Charles II. did his religion, from an idea that the cavalier creed was the more gentlemanlike persuasion of the two.”—Vol. i. p. 29—31.

Turning from the evidence thus furnished from his own lips of his very early prejudices in favour of rigid Toryism, and passing over his classical training, (for the formalities of which he had no great relish,) we shall venture to cite once more his own memoir, to show how his mind was gradually forming a taste for those studies, on which he afterwards built his reputation.

“In the meanwhile my acquaintance with English literature was gradually extending itself. In the intervals of my school hours I had always perused with avidity such books of history, or poetry, or voyages and travels, as chance presented to me—not forgetting the usual, or rather ten times the usual, quantity of fairy tales, eastern stories, romances, &c. These studies were totally unregulated and undirected. My tutor thought it almost a sin to open a profane play or poem; and my mother, besides that she might be in some degree trammelled by the religious scruples which he suggested, had no longer the opportunity to hear me read poetry as formerly. I found, however, in her dressing-room (where I slept at one time) some odd volumes of Shakspeare, nor can I easily forget the rapture with which I sat up in my shirt reading them by the light of a fire in her apartment, until the bustle of the family rising from supper warned me it was time to creep back to my bed, where I was supposed to have been safely deposited since nine o’clock. Chance, however, threw in my way a poetical preceptor. This was no other than the excellent and benevolent Dr. Blacklock, well known at that time as a literary character. I know not how I attracted his attention, and that of some of the young men who boarded in his family; but so it was that I became a frequent and favoured guest. The kind old man opened to me the stores of his

library, and through his recommendation I became intimate with Ossian and Spenser. I was delighted with both, yet I think chiefly with the latter poet. The tawdry repetitions of the Ossianic phraseology disgusted me rather sooner than might have been expected from my age. But Spenser I could have read for ever. Too young to trouble myself about the allegory, I considered all the knights and ladies and dragons and giants in their outward and exoteric sense, and God only knows how delighted I was to find myself in such society. As I had always a wonderful facility in retaining in my memory whatever verses pleased me, the quantity of Spenser's stanzas which I could repeat was really marvellous. But this memory of mine was a very fickle ally, and has through my whole life acted merely upon its own capricious motion, and might have enabled me to adopt old Beattie of Meikledale's answer, when complimented by a certain reverend divine on the strength of the same faculty:—'No, Sir,' answered the old borderer, 'I have no command of my memory. It only retains what hits my fancy, and probably, Sir, if you were to preach to me for two hours, I would not be able when you finished to remember a word you had been saying.' My memory was precisely of the same kind; it seldom failed to preserve most tenaciously a favourite passage of poetry, a playhouse ditty, or, above all, a Border-raid ballad; but names, dates, and the other technicalities of history, escaped me in a most melancholy degree. The philosophy of history, a much more important subject, was also a sealed book at this period of my life; but I gradually assembled much of what was striking and picturesque in historical narrative; and when, in riper years, I attended more to the deduction of general principles, I was furnished with a powerful host of examples in illustration of them. I was, in short, like an ignorant gamester, who kept up a good hand until he knew how to play it."—Vol. i. p. 35—37.

Scott does not appear to have distinguished himself much more at college than at school. Dunce he was, said Professor Dalzell, and dunce was to remain; but in that he was mistaken. It would be an act of injustice here not to allow his biographer to speak for him respecting his classical attainments, especially as the passage illustrates his early predilections.

"I shall only add to what he sets down on the subject of his early academical studies, that in this, as in almost every case, he appears to have underrated his own attainments. He had, indeed, no pretensions to the name of an extensive, far less of an accurate, Latin scholar; but he could read, I believe, any Latin author, of any age, so as to catch without difficulty his meaning; and although his favourite Latin poet, as well as historian, in later days, was Buchanan, he had preserved, or subsequently acquired, a strong relish for some others of more ancient date. I may mention, in particular, Lucan and Claudian. Of Greek, he does not exaggerate in saying that he had forgotten even the alphabet; for he was puzzled with the words *ἀοιδός* and *ποιητής*, which he had occasion to introduce, from some authority on his table, into his 'Introduction to Popular Poetry,' written in April 1830; and happening to be in the house with him at the time, he sent for me to insert them for him in his MS. Mr. Irving has informed us of the early period at which he enjoyed the real Tasso and Ariosto. I presume he had at least as soon as this enabled himself to read *Gil Blas* in the original; and, in all probability, we may refer to the same time of his life, or one not much later, his acquisition of as much Spanish as served for the *Guerras Civiles de Granada*, *Lazarillo de Tormes*, and, above all, *Don Quixote*. He read all these languages in after-life with about the same facility. Of all these, as of German somewhat later, he acquired as much as was needful for his own purposes, of which a critical study of any foreign language made at no time any part. In them he sought for incidents, and he found images; but for the treasures

of diction he was content to dig on British soil. He had all he wanted in the old wells of 'English undefiled,' and the still living, though fast shrinking, waters of that sister idiom which had not always, as he flattered himself, deserved the name of a dialect.

"As may be said, I believe, with perfect truth of every really great man, Scott was self-educated in every branch of knowledge which he ever turned to account in the works of his genius—and he has himself told us that his real studies were those lonely and desultory ones of which he has given a copy in the first chapter of *Waverley*, where the hero is represented as 'driving through the sea of books, like a vessel without pilot or rudder;' that is to say, obeying nothing but the strong breath of native inclination."—Vol. i. p. 129—131.

On the 15th of May, 1786, Walter Scott entered into his indentures with his father; and he does not appear to have discharged the routine business of the office with much more diligence than his college studies. It was during the first or second year of his professional training, that Walter Scott visited the Highlands for the first time; and, however copious our citations may appear, they scarcely need apology.

"If he is quite accurate in referring his first acquaintance with the Highlands to his fifteenth year, this incident also belongs to the first season of his apprenticeship. His father had, among a rather numerous list of Highland clients, Alexander Stewart of Invernahyle, an enthusiastic Jacobite, who had survived to recount, in secure and vigorous old age, his active experiences in the insurrections both of 1715 and 1745. He had, it appears, attracted Walter's attention and admiration at a very early date; for he speaks of having 'seen him in arms' and heard him 'exult in the prospect of drawing his claymore once more before he died,' when Paul Jones threatened a descent on Edinburgh; which transaction occurred in September 1779. Invernahyle, as Scott adds, was the only person who seemed to have retained possession of his cool senses at the period of that disgraceful alarm, and offered the magistrates to collect as many Highlanders as would suffice for cutting off any part of the pirate's crew that might venture in quest of plunder into a city full of high houses and narrow lanes, and every way well calculated for defence. The eager delight with which the young apprentice now listened to the tales of this fine old man's early days produced an invitation to his residence among the mountains, and to this excursion he probably devoted the few weeks of an autumnal vacation—whether in 1786 or 1787, it is of no great consequence to ascertain.

"I have often heard Scott mention some curious particulars of his first visit to the remote fastness of one of these Highland friends; but whether he told the story of Invernahyle, or of one of his own relations of the Clan Campbell, I do not recollect; I rather think the latter was the case. On reaching the brow of a bleak eminence overhanging the primitive tower and its tiny patch of cultivated ground, he found his host and three sons, and perhaps half-a-dozen attendant *gillies*, all stretched half-asleep in their tartans upon the heath, with guns and dogs, and a profusion of game about them; while in the courtyard, far below, appeared a company of women, actively engaged in loading a cart with manure. The stranger was not a little astonished when he discovered, on descending from the height, that among these industrious females were the laird's own lady, and two or three of her daughters; but they seemed quite unconscious of having been detected in an occupation unsuitable to their rank—retired presently to their 'bowers,' and when they re-appeared in other dresses, retained no traces of their morning's work, except complexions glowing with a radiant freshness, for one evening of which many a high-bred beauty would have bartered half her diamonds.

He found the young ladies not ill informed, and exceedingly agreeable; and the song and the dance seemed to form the invariable termination of their busy days. I must not forget his admiration at the principal article of this laird's first course; namely, a gigantic *haggis*, borne into the hall in a wicker basket by two half-naked Celts, while the piper strutted fiercely behind them, blowing a tempest of dissonance."—Vol. i. p. 139—142.

The winter of 1788 may be said to have decided Scott's future career, and to have paved the way for his desertion of a profession for which his own habits seemed never to have fitted him. In his attendance on the civil-law lectures in the university he became acquainted with many students of the higher ranks, to whom his powers of conversation, his literary predilections, and political opinions united him in the bands of fellowship; and he henceforward determined on pursuing the highest path of forensic exertions. That the future poet acquired the most regular habits from his connexion with his aristocratic friends, cannot be said; but whatever the effect of their company on his character may have been, his companions, one and all, were struck with wonder at the liveliness of his conversation, the variety of his knowledge, the portentous tenacity of his memory, and, scarcely less, at his feats of personal agility and prowess. About the end of June 1792 Scott passed his law examinations to the great satisfaction of his father (the prototype of Mr. Saunders Fairford in *Redgauntlet*), and then retired to spend a rural vacation amid the scenery afterwards so celebrated in his *Border Minstrelsy*.

During Scott's first year at the Scottish bar, having little employment except such as came from his father's office, he amused himself partly with the light-hearted mirth of himself and his companions and partly also with the graver study of the German language, which was then only beginning to be studied for its literature. The following summer was scarcely less important than the preceding, if at least his wanderings be considered with respect to their influence on his future works; for he at this time got the first sketch of his *Rob Roy's retreat* from the father of the present Lord Abercrombie—the scenery of *Tully Veolan* in *Waverley*; and he now for the first and only time saw Peter Patterson the *Old Mortality*. From this tour we must call our readers to refresh him with a rather piquant professional anecdote.

"Scott returned in time to attend the October assizes at Jedburgh, on which occasion he made his first appearance as counsel in a criminal court; and had the satisfaction of helping a veteran poacher and sheepstealer to escape through some of the meshes of the law. 'You're a lucky scoundrel,' Scott whispered to his client, when the verdict was pronounced. 'I'm just o' your mind,' quoth the desperado, 'and I'll send ye a maukin (a hare) the morn, man.' I am not sure whether it was at these assizes or the next in the same town that he had less success in the case of a certain notorious housebreaker. The man, however, was well aware that no skill could have baffled the clear evidence against him, and was, after his fashion, grateful for such exertions as had been made in his behalf. He requested the young advocate to visit him once more before he left the place. Scott's curiosity induced him to accept this invitation, and his friend, as soon as they were alone together in the condemned cell, said, 'I am very sorry, sir, that I have no fee to offer you—so let me beg your acceptance of two bits of advice which may be useful

perhaps when you come to have a house of your own. I am done with practice, you see, and here is my legacy. Never keep a large watchdog out of doors—we can always silence them cheaply—indeed if it be a *dog* 'tis easier than whistling—but tie a little tight yelping terrier within; and secondly, put no trust in nice, clever, gimcrack locks—the only thing that bothers us is a huge old heavy one, no matter how simple the construction,—and the ruder and rustier the key, so much the better for the housekeeper.' I remember hearing him tell this story some thirty years after at a Judges' dinner at Jedburgh, and he summed it up with a rhyme—'Ay, ay, my lord,' (I think he addressed his friend Lord Meadowbank)—

“ ‘Yelping terrier, rusty key,
Was Walter Scott's best Jeddart fee.’ ”

—Vol. i. p. 213—214.

Hurrying over many a page of the memoirs and some years of Scott's life, regretting all the while that our space allows no longer details, and passing over in silence the adventurous publication of his translation of Bürger's *Lenore* and his military achievements in the Mid-Lothian volunteers, and omitting with great want of gallantry all beyond a bare mention of Lady Scott's love-letters, we most prosaically announce the fact, that Walter Scott was married to Miss Charlotte Carpenter or Charpentier, daughter of a royalist of Lyons, on the 24th of December, 1797. Soon after the appearance of what seems to us a very wretched production—his translation of “*Götz von Berlichingen*,” he and Mrs. Scott visited London, where by his acquaintance with Monk Lewis he gained the entrée of much literary society,—while led by his own predilections, he sought out the musty parchments of the Westminster chapter-house, the Tower, and the British Museum. From this visit the hand of death laid on his male parent speedily recalled him in 1799; and at the close of the same year he was appointed to the sheriffship of Selkirkshire,—an office, whose salary added very considerably to his resources and relieved him from the anxieties of an increasing anxiety.

The year 1800, if we may rest our evidence on Scott's letter to Ballantyne (dated Castle-street, April 22, 1800), was the period at which he first formed the idea of entering into those trading speculations which afterwards involved him in ruin. We have accused him of an infirmity of moral *purpose* (we should have said *judgment*) in these transactions:—others would make him the unconscious victim of daring speculators; but we think the result will show, that this was not the case. But we must not anticipate. The above letter will show that we are not very wrong in our suppositions.

Lockhart's account of James Hogg is extremely well told, and the subject is so well known and so justly celebrated, that we pass over the pages with a lingering regret; but we must proceed onwards with giant strides; for much is required of us, and our space is limited. The first two volumes of the *Border Minstrelsy* appeared in 1802:—the edition of 800 copies was exhausted in the course of the year, and the author's half-profits were only 78*l.* 10*s.** The

* It may be said without exaggeration that 18,000 copies of the *Border Minstrelsy* have been sold either sooner or later, by itself or in connexion with his other poems.

following year occupied the new poet with the third volume of the *Minstrelsy*, the *Lay of the last Minstrel*, and the romance of *Sir Tristrem*. We have mentioned or rather hinted at Scott's intimacy with the *Ettrick Shepherd*. The following anecdote, which must be the last, is too *piquant* for us to pass it over. The affair happened not very long after Scott's first acquaintance with the "Shepherd."

"Shortly after their first meeting, Hogg, coming into Edinburgh with a flock of sheep, was seized with a sudden ambition of seeing himself in print, and he wrote out that same night 'Willie and Katie,' and a few other ballads, already famous in the forest, which some obscure bookseller gratified him by putting forth accordingly; but they appear to have attracted no notice beyond their original sphere. Hogg then made an excursion into the Highlands, in quest of employment as overseer of some extensive sheep-farm; but, though Scott had furnished him with strong recommendations to various friends, he returned without success. He printed an account of his travels, however, in a set of letters in the '*Scots Magazine*,' which, though exceedingly rugged and uncouth, had abundant traces of the native shrewdness and genuine poetical feeling of this remarkable man. These also failed to excite attention; but, undeterred by such disappointments, the Shepherd no sooner read the third volume of the '*Minstrelsy*,' than he made up his mind that the editor's '*Imitations of the Ancients*' were by no means what they should have been. 'Immediately,' he says, in one of his many memoirs of himself, 'I chose a number of traditional facts, and set about imitating the manner of the ancients myself.' These imitations he transmitted to Scott, who warmly praised the many striking beauties scattered over their rough surface. The next time that Hogg's business carried him to Edinburgh, he waited upon Scott, who invited him to dinner in Castle-street, in company with William Laidlaw, who happened also to be in town, and some other admirers of the rustic genius. When Hogg entered the drawing-room, Mrs. Scott, being at the time in a delicate state of health, was reclining on a sofa. The Shepherd, after being presented, and making his best bow, forthwith took possession of another sofa placed opposite to hers, and stretched himself thereupon at all his length; for, as he said afterwards, 'I thought I could never do wrong to copy the lady of the house.' As his dress at this period was precisely that in which an ordinary herdsman attends cattle to the market, and as his hands, moreover, bore most legible marks of a recent sheep-smearing, the lady of the house did not observe with perfect equanimity the novel usage to which her chintz was exposed. The Shepherd, however, remarked nothing of all this—dined heartily and drank freely, and, by jest, anecdote, and song, afforded plentiful merriment to the more civilized part of the company. As the liquor operated, his familiarity increased and strengthened; from 'Mr. Scott,' he advanced to 'Sherra,' and thence to 'Scott,' 'Walter,' and 'Wattie,'—until, at supper, he fairly convulsed the whole party by addressing Mrs. Scott as 'Charlotte.'"—Vol. i. p. 407—409.

Sir Tristrem appeared in May 1804; but so little was the expected sale, that only 150 copies were printed! At the commencement of 1805 "the *Lay*" was published; and besides 11,000 copies in the collected edition of Scott's poetical works, upwards of 30,000 copies of the separate work have been sold. Scott's entire gains from this poem were 76*l.* 6*s.* We would willingly turn aside into the pleasant paths whither a criticism of the *Lay* would lead us, and in fact some analysis of Scott's poetic genius is obligatory on us; but we must defer it, until all his poems come under our review.

If, as documents prove, Sir Walter Scott had first entertained lite-

rary speculations in 1800, he certainly gave himself up to them in 1803, when, finding that his neglected profession neglected him, he entered into terms of partnership with Ballantyne,—a connexion, whose “influence on his literary exertions and worldly fortunes was productive of much good and not a little evil.” The connexion, indeed, of these two individuals forms one of the most curious passages in the history of literature, creditable to neither party, but furnishing an useful lesson to posterity.

The letter which we extract as the last for our present number is, as we think, quite conclusive as to the extent to which the poet was embarked with the printer. The only objection that can reasonably be made to such a procedure is,—that it was kept a secret; and “wherever there is a secret there must be something wrong.” The sequel too fully verified the suspicion.* But to the extract:—

“Dear Ballantyne,

“I have duly received your two favours—also Foster’s. He still howls about the expense of printing, but I think we shall finally settle. His argument is that you print too fine, *alias* too dear. I intend to stick to my answer, that I know nothing of the matter; but that settle it how you and he will, it must be printed by you, or can be no concern of mine. This gives you an advantage in driving the bargain. As to every thing else, I think we shall do, and I will endeavour to set a few volumes agoing on the plan you propose.

“I have imagined a very superb work. What think you of a complete edition of British poets, ancient and modern? Johnson’s is imperfect and out of print; so is Bell’s, which is a Lilliputian thing; and Anderson’s, the most complete in point of number, is most contemptible in execution both of the editor and printer. There is a scheme for you! At least a hundred volumes, to be published at the rate of ten a-year. I cannot, however, be ready till midsummer. If the booksellers will give me a decent allowance per volume, say thirty guineas, I shall hold myself well paid on the *writing* hand. This is a dead secret.

“I think it quite right to let Doig have a share of Thomson; but he is hard and slippery, so settle your bargain fast and firm—no loop-holes! I am glad you have got some elbow-room at last. Cowan will come to, or we will find some fit place in time. If not we *must* build—necessity has no law. I see nothing to hinder you from doing Tacitus with your correctness of eye, and I congratulate you on the fair prospect before us. When you have time you will make out a list of the debts to be discharged at Whitsunday, that we may see what cash we shall have in bank. Our book-keeping may be very simple—an accurate cash book and ledger is all that is necessary; and I think I know enough of the matter to assist at making the balance sheet.

“In short, with the assistance of a little cash I have no doubt things will go on *à merveille*. If you could take a little pleasuring, I wish you could come here and see us in all the glories of a Scottish spring. Yours truly,

“W. SCOTT.”

—Vol. ii. p. 43—45.

(To be continued.)

* We trust, that in the ensuing number we shall be able to afford room for those poetical criticisms, to which we feel ourselves pledged. The overwhelming quantity of biographical matter has entirely precluded the possibility of criticism.—Ed.

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Madame Pasta.

London, June, 1837.

MADAME PASTA.

THE arrival among us of one of the most gifted mistresses of song that ever crossed the Alps from sunny Italy is a season of pleasure and gratulation. We hail the advent of Madame Pasta as the return of an old, valued, and long-lost friend, whose name recalls to memory many of the most delightful and pleasurable moments of our existence; and in seizing the opportunity that now so kindly offers itself, of paying our tribute of admiration to her lofty endowments, we feel assured that we shall at once do an act of justice to that lady and awaken the pleasing recollections of our musical readers. The engraver deserves our best thanks for the excellent manner in which he has acquitted himself of his part of the work:—of the way in which our humble task shall have been performed, the reader will judge from the following remarks, which profess only to be *reminiscences of Pasta as the prima donna of the London opera.*

Madame Pasta made her first appearance, when about twenty, in the January of 1817, when she played Telemaco to the Penelope of Camporese in Cimarosa's opera of that name:—she personated the page in Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro," and other similar characters during the same season. We cannot ascertain, however, from the testimony of those who were conversant with the opera of twenty years ago, that her talents at that time gave promise of her subsequent greatness.

Immediately on her return to the Continent in the autumn of 1817, Madame Pasta devoted herself with unceasing diligence to the study of music and to the cultivation of her voice. Supported by the strong consciousness of her capability and by the determination not to be baffled in her pursuit of glory, she neglected nothing that could make her a great singer and a great actress:—her success, therefore, was certain. Her musical education being, at length, completed, she re-appeared on the boards of the *Academie* at Paris in the season of 1821; and a rich harvest of wealth and honour speedily rewarded her for all the toil and anxiety of cultivation. Surprising as it may appear, that the people who could admire the artificial and exaggerated style of acting adopted by Talma and Mademoiselle Georges, could so far forget their prejudices as to applaud the naïveté and apparent artlessness that are the great characteristics of Pasta's acting, it is no less true, that they received her with delight and enthusiasm:—she soon became the absorbing theme of conversation in the *salons*, and the object of an admiration almost amounting to idolatry.

Madame Pasta's high renown in Paris augured well for her reception by a London audience; and when at length in April, 1824, she revisited our opera-house, she claimed as a right the respect due to her now unquestioned genius and attainments. Her first appearance in the *Desdemona* of Rossini's "Otello" was an era of triumph as great as any that had ever been known in this country; and the most rigid critics of the music and drama were compelled to acknowledge, that the enthusiastic reports of her talents were not over-coloured nor exaggerated. Her acting was such as at once placed her in the same rank with Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neill,—while her vocal powers were so great that she could utter—

"sounds that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death."

Pasta's personation of *Desdemona* is so well-known to all who visit the opera, that it would be almost an impertinence to give any detailed account of it. The most generally admired parts are the *scena* commencing with "*Desdemona infelice*" and concluding with the exquisite cavatina "*Oh quante lagrime*,"—the impassioned air "*Che smania! aimè, che affanno*" with its never-to-be-forgotten "dying, dying fall" at the close (in which Pasta never had an equal),—the plaintive, melancholy air "*Assisa a piè d'un salice*,"—and her prayer on retiring to rest "*Del calma, O ciel, nel sonno*." Indeed her whole treatment of the last act was such as to place the character in a situation far more con-

spicuous and attractive than was ever intended by Rossini, who employed all his talents in giving power to the Otello of his opera.

Of the numerous parts in which Madame Pasta appeared during the different opera-seasons which brought her to our island, we cannot speak at length; but, as brief chroniclers of the past, we may be permitted to offer a few passing remarks. In Rossini's "*Tancredi*," (the chief male character of which Pasta assumed for the first time in England on the 18th of May, 1824,) the "*Tu che accendi*" and the "*Di tanti palpiti*," by which the million will best recollect her; but the deep yet subdued feeling of her acting and the chaste but emphatic expression, exquisite taste, and profound science of her singing throughout the opera were such, that the impression of them must be felt, in order to be properly comprehended. In the "*Semiramide*" of the same composer, she was perhaps more successful, on the whole, than in either of the pieces yet mentioned. The fascinating grace, majestic dignity, and deeply pathetic expression of Pasta's Queen of Babylon—even had it been merely acting—can never be forgotten; but, besides that, her singing is of the most exalted kind. We instance particularly two scenes, in which her talents are better displayed than in others,—her quarrel with Assur, in which that beautiful duet occurs—

*"Quella ricorde
Natte di morte,"*

and that grand scena in which the ghost of Ninus appears. The Queen's offended and scornful dignity in the former scene, and the daughter's absorbing affection subdued by superstitious terror in the other, were portrayed with a force and truth that only another Pasta can exhibit.

Zingarelli's "*Romeo è Giuletta*" was chosen by Madame Pasta for her benefit at the close of her first season. The interest of the opera is condensed in two scenes,—that in which the lovers plight their vows, and the closing scene in the cemetery; and in both of these the representative of Romeo acts and sings with an intense and absorbing feeling, that none besides Pasta has ever exhibited on the opera-stage. The deep tenderness of the lover in the scene, which contains the duet with Giuletta, "*Dunque, mio bene, tu mia sarai*," could scarcely be listened to with unmoistened eye, so touchingly tender was it in every respect; but her grandest achievement was, beyond all question, the "*Ombra adorata*" of the desperate and death-devoted Romeo over the tomb of his Juliet. The perfect abandonment of the grief-worn lover is portrayed in a way, that very few English representatives of the son of Montague have ever equalled.

Her "*Nina*" and "*Medea*" are the characters, by which Madame Pasta will live in the records of song; and to these characters we shall confine our few remaining observations. Paesiello's *Nina* is essentially a poetical opera,—one of the most imaginative productions, that has ever issued from the Italian school:—it is a great but only a just compliment to Pasta, to say that she did full justice to the composer's conceptions, which so much remind us of our own Ophelia. The mad and care-crazed wretchedness in the earlier parts of the play require a dramatic power that none in our time except Pasta, has been able to command; and on her return to reason, when she gives herself wholly to joy—unmingled, deep-drawn pleasure, the effect to well-constituted minds must be very striking. In short, if there is any character in which she has excelled, more than in any other, in the delineation of the more tender passions of female humanity, we should say, that *Nina* was her *ne plus ultra*.

The "*Medea*" is a very different character, and affords abundant scope for the exhibition of the darker passions of the female sex—jealousy and revenge. Her interview with Jason before his marriage,—her interruption of the nuptials of Jason and Creusa,—her incantation scene,—and her scene with Jason's children, have an appalling and terrific interest, that can never be effaced from the memory of any one who has once beheld her in this character.

We might extend our observations; but our space will not permit us. Long may Madame Pasta live to enjoy the fruits of her genius and enviable attainments.

THE TRAVELS OF THE DOBSON FAMILY.

Who will venture to deny that the English are the most restless and sight-loving people of Europe? If we could trace this love of novelty—so analogous to the *τί καίρον* of the old Athenians,—to a rational and highly laudable desire of information, we should be the last to say a word in disparagement of so favourable a trait of national character; but when among the migratory thousands who steam their way from our shores as the summer fairly sets in, we find so many, who, instead of fairly throwing aside their nationality, and observing and falling in with the simple habits of the people whom they visit, carry all their prejudices, rife and rank, into the countries that they pass through, and excite a feeling of dislike against England, which even the long purse of John Bull cannot set aside,—what can we say? We stand excused. But we are not going to treat our readers to a moral disquisition. Our present aim is very humble,—but, we hope, not on that account, less instructive. We give from a diary, which a residence of more than two years' on the continent furnished us ample opportunities of filling with the *ἔπεα πτερόεντα* of the traveller, the *bonâ fide* history of a party, with whom it was our lot to fall in, as we were on our way to Rome two summers ago. FACTS are facts; and we assure the reader that, however entertaining on the one hand,—or however dull and stupid the narrative may be, on the other,—we stand pledged for the historical truth—names excepted—of all that is here narrated. May our hopes be fulfilled, that by this good-natured ridicule, we may succeed in deterring the younger Dobsons from making such fools of themselves as their parents did before them. But we have tarried too long at the threshold:—we must address ourselves to our task.

Now, gentle reader, as the best method of getting fairly under way, is by introducing you to the principal personages with whom you will have to make this summer tour, without further preamble, we will, with your permission, step into a small parlour in a small house, in a small street, not more than a hundred miles from High Holborn; and in the aforesaid small parlour, we shall find a small group consisting of five individuals, to whom you, gentle reader, shall, in due order, be introduced. Jeremiah Dobson, Esq., the pater omnipotens of the family, is that short man sitting with his legs upon the fender. He is, as you perceive, a very English-looking person, rather corpulent than slim; he is half asleep, and only catches now and then a word or two of the conversation, which he breaks in upon, from time to time, with some such exclamations as “fudge!—pshaw!—nonsense!” Mr. Jeremiah Dobson is a retired ironmonger:—he is a good sort of man at bottom, but has somehow or other acquired a rather high idea of his own talent, and a not inconsiderable one of his importance to society in general. These notions he has most probably got from his wife, who pays the utmost deference to all the opinions and whims of her liege lord.

Mrs. Dobson, whom we next introduce, is a quiet, homely, stay-at-home sort of a body, who seems to have no tastes of her own, and

very few propensities, and who, as we have before said, is the most obedient of wives.

Miss Juliana Dobson is a tall sentimental-looking and rather pretty young lady with dark hair and eyes, the former of which she wears in long loose ringlets à la Juliet; while she rolls about the latter in the most romantic manner imaginable. She is a great reader of poems and novels, or rather romances, and is scarcely ever without a book in her hand, from which she occasionally favours her auditors with an extract, which, however, generally reminds them most forcibly of the *à-propos-des bottes*. Such is Miss Juliana Dobson, eldest daughter of Jeremiah Dobson, of the Worshipful Company of Ironmongers, and Common Councilman for the City of London. Of Miss Emily, the younger daughter, very common character, very brief space, will suffice for describing. She had just left a third-rate boarding school, where she had learnt a smattering of French, to dance, to play upon the piano-forte; the former patronymic might, however, be well left out in Miss Emily's performances. I shall not attempt to describe in words the wonderful effect of Miss Emily's singing "Oh! leave me to my sorrows," to the appropriate tune of "The merry Swiss Boy." The reader must aid us. Miss Emily was a plump rosy girl of seventeen, and thought herself (would, reader, you thought as much of me, would I could even think as much of myself) the very acme of perfection. Unlike her sister, she had not the least romance, and never dreamed of love in a cottage:—she determined to marry an earl at least, that is, if she could get one. She never doubted her ability to fascinate, but she has not yet succeeded; she is still unmarried, and might, I have some reason to think, be now persuaded to accept of a viscount.

The fifth personage of the group is a Polish refugee, the Count Vandeneski, who was, however, strange to say, born in the County of Galway, where he had lived to the mature age of five-and-twenty, and whence he had accompanied his master in the dignified situation of valet up the Rhine as far as Frankfort. On his return, passing through London, the success of a countryman who, giving himself out as a Polish nobleman, had married a rich cheesemonger's daughter, induced Dennis O'Sullivan to try his luck in the matrimonial lottery; and having picked up a smattering of German on the Rhine, he concluded that it would do quite as well as Polish, and up to the commencement of our story it certainly had. Here we have him in the back parlour of the Dobsons, having resolved to make one of the young ladies before introduced to the reader, a countess. This whiskered gentleman spoke with a dreadful brogue, which he passed off for a foreign accent, and interlarded his discourse pretty plentifully with the little German he knew, but not unfrequently he drew upon his imagination for the invention of words and phrases not to be found in the dictionary. He has just been describing the revolution of the Poles from imagination, shown a cut upon his forehead inflicted by some stone or shillalah at a Connamera fair-fight as the thrust of a Cossack lance, and is now describing the beauties of the Rhine to Juliana, who has got "Childe Harold" before her—"and the Castle Crag of Drachenfels?" asks Juliana. "*Musha*

the schönste gable ind of an ould house that ever ye set yer zwei augen on." Juliana looked a little puzzled, and then said, "It must be beautiful; are the German ladies, Count, very handsome?" The count replied, "Faix they wouldn't be any how, if you were among um." He had forgotten his German in his eagerness to pay a compliment. Emily simpered. "Talking of German, Count," interrupted Mr. Dobson, "my respected friend Mr. Higginsbottom is just come back from the Rhine, where he has been for *nearly six weeks* occupied in thoroughly investigating the state of the Germans, both morally and politically. He says they are a clever people, a very clever people in some respects; and he, Mr. Higginsbottom, is a man not likely to be deceived in those respects. He is, I think I may safely state, he is the head man of the Worshipful Company of Ironmongers. You have, perhaps, heard of Mr. Higginsbottom?"

"*Ia wohl*,—to be sure; *Ich haben*."

"I have some idea of going to examine the matter myself," continued Mr. Dobson, "and if we were so very near, it would not matter very much just to take a trip to Rome." "How delightful," sighed Juliana, "it would be to stand beneath the Colosseum's wall." "Oh, and there are such very very nice balls at the Duke of Porlonia's," added Emily; "Mr. Jenks gave me such a description of them, and such numbers of dukes, counts, and marquisses, and—" "Nonsense," said Mr. Dobson, "but I really will think about it; and I hear, count, that you can nearly live for nothing there." The count was all this time looking very blank—he had completely overshoot himself, and he now perceived it; he was very near forgetting himself, but luckily did not. "*Nein; it is in Rome viel deurer als here*," was at length his reply. "Yes, so I imagined," said Mr. Dobson. The count looked perplexed. "You won't be able to travel at all at all under a couple of thousand a year." "Ah, yes," said Mr. Dobson, "a couple of thousand what-do-ye-call-ums—frances, and a franc, Mr. Higginsbottom tells me, is ten-pence British." The count saw that it was hopeless, and so rose to take his leave, making quite sure that when undeceived, he would give up the idea altogether; and resolving to come early on the morrow, he departed, and the family shortly after retired. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Dobson were much given to dreaming:—the young ladies, however, dreamt—the one of the gay balls of Italy, and the conquests she was about to make; the other of being attacked by banditti and rescued by Count Vandeneski, who valiantly charges the whole band, mounted, in the most approved hero fashion, on a milk-white horse.

Night passed away, and morning dawned;—dawned, as it had dawned many hundred times before on the purlieus of Bloomsbury,—muddy, murky, and miserable. Flowers opened not their fragrance it is true, but dung heaps did, and scented sewers exhaled their sweets to the balmy air; while "the buzzy call of incense-breathing morn," if not announced by swallow "twittering from the straw-built shed," was not less effectively proclaimed by the sooty shivering sweep, and the more ambitious tintinnabulory notes of the dust-man. But to descend from the sublime to the ridiculous.

The Dobsons were up early;—old Dobson went out to make his

arrangements, whilst at home the misses, so eager were they, set about packing up the thousand little things that are absolutely necessary to the existence of the greater portion of the fair sex, though Juliana, who was on her knees before a huge trunk as if in the very act of worshipping those modern penates, the toilet necessities, has just said, "Man wants but little here below ;" and poor Mrs. Dobson below stairs, was bustling about, considering whether the Rhine could be much farther off than Richmond, and if so, whether it would be expedient to take the six large pots of raspberry and the four small, and the three pots of currant jelly, and the five bottles of walnut ketchup, and the pickles ; and, in short, thinking was not poor Mrs. Dobson's forte ; so, as she expressed it, she was soon completely bothered. The count, true to his intentions, called early, and was to his awful dismay informed, that Mr. Dobson was out, and the young ladies were packing up. Visions of landlords and tailors' bills rose like the witches in Macbeth before his mind's eye, arrayed in the most hideous colours, and with an oath of despair he turned from the door. There are, perhaps, few situations of more real downright misery than that of the speculator who, having placed his whole hopes of success and prospects in life on one bold chance, suddenly finds himself ruined, not only in prospects but in name. Such was the situation in which Dennis O'Sullivan found himself. The boat in which he had hoped to weather the wave-beaten point of poverty, and gain the safe harbour of affluence, was shattered on the breakers, and he was left without a shilling in his pocket, or the means of procuring one. He had hitherto got money from the Jews, at an enormous interest, to be paid on his marriage ; and now he was ruined. That very night he left London and has not since been heard of. To return, however, as Mr. Dobson did to the family. After holding a council of war, it was resolved that they should set out in a few days for Calais, armed with all the needful, in the shape of dresses, books, maps, &c. &c. We shall now take leave of them until on board the Calais packet.

Les voilà en route : the packet has just left the Tower :—away they go through the black dingy shipping. Julianna is determined, however, to admire every collier and lighter that with torn mainsail and yellow jib, is, as she says, "walking the water like a thing of life" at the rate of about half a mile an hour. The old gentleman (that is her Dobson) is reading the newspaper—Miss Emily is sitting with her veil drawn, looking over the side of the boat in order to conceal the half inch of Kalydor with which she has buttered her face,—as the advertisement has apprized her, that sea air is injurious to the complexion, and that the aforesaid Kalydor is a certain remedy. Mrs. Dobson is sitting with her hands before her, and her thoughts in the before-mentioned pots of jam.

They went rapidly down the river. Julianna was so delighted at the beauty of the scenery of the Corringham and Fobbing marshes, that one might have thought she had been a wild duck. As they drew near the mouth of the river there was an ugly cross sea running ; and the boat began to pitch violently. Most of the ladies went below. Not so Julianna : she was enchanted at being "o'er

the glad waters of the dark blue sea,"—and was, or appeared to be, quite wrapped up in a Byron she held in her hand :—at last turning to the helmsman, she asked him, pointing to a gull, if that was a wild sea mew.—“Lord! no, Miss,” said the seaman, “that is a chicken.” “A chicken!” said Julianna. “Yes,” Miss, “one of Mother Cary’s chickens.”

Julianna kept a journal, and duly recorded the fact of having seen several curious chickens belonging to a Mrs. Cary, far out at sea and apparently quite wild. But even Byron was at last obliged to seek her berth. After a rough passage the packet arrived safely at Calais, where they were assailed by a troop of porters, each insisting on taking the Dobsons and their luggage to his own particular Hotel.

Jeremiah Dobson, Esq., seemed totally at his wit’s end. He did not know a single word of French, and had never until now dreamt that he should find any difficulty in getting on, *as he expressed it*. But now the truth, the awful truth, flashed upon him. They did *not* speak English in France ;—what was to be done? He was nearly distracted, and upon the point of going back to the boat, to wait till it returned, and then return with it, when the English waiter at Desseins came up to him, and Mr. Dobson placed himself entirely at the tender mercy of his countryman, who took him and his couple of dozen boxes and bandboxes, to that horrible of all horrible places, the Custom House ; where the white satin dresses, and the raspberry-jam, and the pink satin slips, and the walnut ketchup, and the gauze sleeves, and the mixed pickles, were first tumbled out, and then in, without the least regard to the feelings of their distracted owners, who stood by, the very images of despair, with sea sickness written on each woe-begone feature.

At last they got to Dessein’s, where the first thing to do was to order dinner, having resolved that a beef steak would be the best thing and the soonest got. Emily went to look in the dictionary, where she found “*stake translated pieu*.”—She accordingly addressed the waiter on his entrance, with “*Pouvez vous nous donner un pieu de beef pour dîner?*” “*Comment, Mademoiselle,*” said the fellow with a slight grin. Emily repeated her question. “*Excusez moi, Mademoiselle, mais vraiment je ne comprends pas.*” “You don’t understand,” said Emily in English, very angry,—then turning to her admiring mother, “The fellow really does not understand his own language,” with an air of ineffable disdain. “I think I could make him understand what a cutlet is,” said she ;—“shall I order one?”

“T’ll do just as well,” answered the bonpère, “only let it be of veal.” Emily asked the waiter if he had *des culottes de veau*. The fellow laughed out-right, and, saying he should send the English waiter, left the room. The Englishman apologized for the stupidity of the Frenchman ; and they at last got a most excellent dinner—which they discussed with most excellent appetite. Every thing went on swimmingly until bed-time, when they were shown up to one of the very cleanest and best bedrooms in all France, in which were two French beds placed at opposite corners.—“Nice clean room this,” said Mr. Dobson ; “Very, but,” continued Mrs. D., stop-

ping suddenly—"how the deuce are we both to sleep in one of these little beds?" "I'm sure I do not know, my dear," answered Mrs D. "It's quite out of the question to suppose such a thing," said Mr. Dobson: "better call the housemaid." "Housemaid," shouted Mr. Dobson over the bannisters—"housemaid!"—all the servants in the hotel, postilions and all came rushing up stairs to put out the fire as they interpreted "housemaid," all asking where it was, what it was; not a word of which of course was understood. "Curse their lungs," roared Mr. Dobson nearly maddened, and stamped and damned the Frenchmen to their hearts' content; but at last the Englishman made his appearance, and endeavoured to explain that it was not intended that they should *both* sleep in one of the aforementioned small beds, but one in each.—"Zounds!" shouted Mr. Dobson, "I sleep in one corner of the room and my wife in another! why we've slept in the same bed for thirty years, and do you think we are going to be separated now?"

Mrs. Dobson began to cry at the bare possibility of such an occurrence. The waiter did not know what to do, declared there was no larger bed in the hotel, and hoped that they would put up with the inconvenience for one night. The Dobsons would not hear of such a thing, for they were determined that separate they would not.—If they chose it, he, the waiter, would send into the town to try and procure one:—they consented, and a large old lumbering piece of furniture was with great difficulty procured, pulled up the staircase, and finally established in the Dobson's bed-room; in which the affectionate couple deposited themselves for the night.

Henceforward, misfortune seemed to have marked them for her own,—for in the sequel we shall be the chroniclers of woe without the slightest admixture of pleasure.

We shall in silence pass by the consternation of Mr. Dobson when he saw the amount of the bill, which, owing to the trouble he had given, was of course large. Ruin seemed staring him in the face. In fact, he had grievously blundered in his calculations; he had imagined that he should be able to travel with his whole family and their appurtenances, for half of what he lived for in Red Lion Street. We shall, with your permission, fair reader, with your permission, most beauteous reader, in silence pass over their journey to Brussels—merely stating that at Cassel, on the very first night of their journey, that affectionate couple, Mr. and Mrs. Dobson, were, horrible to relate, obliged to sleep one in each corner of the room. We shall take them up again at Brussels, where they arrived safely, after a series of the most distressing adventures. Established at the Bellevue, they resolved to dine at the table d'Hôte, as Miss Emily had discovered that the society was quite *élite*, as there was a great number of counts (which title Count Vandeneski had told her was the same as earl) and viscounts, and barons, and generals, and colonels without end.

Emily was quite happy and could not sit still for five minutes, thinking which of her dresses would be most appropriate, and practising the most effective method of entering the *salle à manger*, and the most elegant method of quitting it. At last these weighty

matters being settled to her entire satisfaction,—and the white satin having after the most various consideration received the preference, and the long wished for hour for dressing having arrived,—behold Emily bending over a large black leather trunk with the rapturous gaze of a Persian Gheber at the setting sun, or a Roman pilgrim at St. Peter's brazen toe : but why that sudden start, that look of speechless woe ? Reader, have you ever seen the look of a cockney sportsman who, in pursuit of a tomtit which he thinks he has wounded, has hastily scrambled through a hedge, and perceives himself within five yards of a bull ?—if so you may be able to form some sort of idea of Emily's look, when, pulling out the white satin dress, she saw the front and all the delicate blond tuckers blushing rosy red. The phenomenon is thus to be accounted for :—At the Calais Custom House a pot of the raspberry-jam had by the careless officers been placed in the trunk that held all the full dresses ; and now behold the miserable consequences—dress after dress was now with a sort of frantic hope examined, alas, in vain ; for on each and all was fixed the fell, the indelible stain that, like the brand upon the galley slave, must for ever exclude them from those bright scenes in which their owner fondly hoped to see them flourish.

Julianna was nearly as much grieved as her sister, though she affected not to be, and talked of “beauty unadorned.” To dine that day at the table d'Hôte was quite impossible. A milliner was sent for, to whom Emily detailed her grievances, and as it was a misfortune that appeals most powerfully to the sympathies of a Frenchwoman, after truly compassionating the sorrow of the weeping Emily, the little marchande faithfully promised that she should be fully equipped for the campaign before the table d'Hôte hour next day. The following day Mr. Dobson went out to buy a travelling carriage, which after a great deal of higgling he at last effected, and returned just before the dinner hour. The dresses had arrived previously ; and Emily was endeavouring to pack herself into a remarkably low challie, which she had expressly ordered to be made considerably too tight.

They entered the *salle à manger*, and Emily saw a number of ill-dressed men so busily employed with the good things before them, that she received not a single glance of admiration. They seated themselves at table, and Julianna was placed next a stout red-faced hypochondriacal Englishman, who was travelling to cure himself of a whole hospital of diseases, which however he found to be increasing instead of diminishing upon him. Of course all Julianna's romance and quotations were entirely thrown away ; he could talk of nothing but the respective merits of the English and German physicians,—to the latter of whom he gave a decided preference, and dilated at great length on the benefit he hoped to receive from the new homœopathic system. He detailed a great number of cures, declaring at the same time that he feared his case was hopeless, as all the physicians differed as to the nature of the disease. “That scoundrel Abernethy,” said he, “had once the impudence to insinuate that there was nothing the matter with me : indeed, I believe the fellow thought me a little mad. When I went to consult him, he asked me

abruptly what was the matter with me. I began to state my case with the opinions of about fifty medical men, and showed him their prescriptions; but he very coolly said, 'Tut, tut, Sir, do you think I have time to hear all this nonsense, or to read all that bad writing?' He then felt my pulse. 'Good pulse,' said he—'got a pain here, Sir?' hitting me on the back. 'Why no, not exactly at present, doctor,' said I; 'but I sometimes feel'—'Never mind how you sometimes feel, Sir. Pain here, Sir?' continued he—hitting me on the right side. 'No, not exactly doctor, but,—' 'Never mind, Sir,' continued the brute, hitting me on the left side; 'Nothing wrong here, Sir, sound as a drum, Sir;' but, doctor, I cannot be sound, not altogether sound.' 'Very likely not,' returned he, 'but, except I give you a fly as I have just given to a lady whom you might have met going down—I can do nothing for you.'

"A fly, doctor!" said I, in astonishment. 'Cured the lady, Sir, at any rate: She came yesterday very bad; looking up, she had swallowed a spider three months ago, could not get him up, always felt him walking in her stomach. I told her to come again to-day; she came:—I had a fly and spider in a pill-box, told her I should put a fly in her mouth, perhaps the spider would come up to catch it.—She thought it very probable,—told her to open her mouth, threw them in, and then told her to spit into a basin. She did so, and found there a famous large spider. She declared he had grown—and went away quite well.' Did you ever hear of such impudence?—I left the house, and you may be sure never went near him again."

By the quantity of salt which this worthy hypochondriac devoured at table, it might seem that he had more faith in the muriate of soda than in Abernethy. He had indeed when at Venice, been cured by it of the cholera. "The physicians made me eat half-a-dozen pounds daily," said he, "and even injected it into my veins, till I was quite cured."

"Just like a herring,"—said an impudent young Englishman, sitting near Mr. Dobson. The grumbling response "Impudent puppy" was nearly drowned amid the loud and continued peals of laughter which followed the youngster's sally.

Emily meantime was listening to the glowing language of a young German artist just returned from Italy, whose mind was deeply imbued with that deep feeling of romance that ever characterizes the true disciple of the pencil; but all his eloquence, the unaffected eloquence of the admirer of nature, was thrown away upon her whose only idea of beauty was the round, plump, rosy face she saw reflected in her own looking-glass, and the only sensation conveyed to the mind of his auditor by his flowing descriptions of "nature in her loveliest garb" was when he spoke of mirrors of ice reflecting back the mountain tops with a thousand beautiful tints, continually varying, like the gem-built palace of a fairy tale:—it was one of wonder whether it would reflect her equally well. Mr. Dobson had got near a young Englishman, who amused himself by quizzing his countryman, of which pastime the English avail themselves on the continent whenever it is possible.

Mr. Dobson was very anxious to learn German, which he had no

doubt of being able to accomplish in a very few weeks ; so he asked his countryman what was the best book to begin with, who recommended him Kant and some half-dozen of his commentators, together with a whole host of dictionaries, vocabularies, and grammars ; and all other books generally used to mystify the student of a foreign language. All these, however, poor Mr. Dobson resolved to get before he left Brussels (which he was to do on the following day) for Cologne, or Cöln, as Mr. Dobson and the Germans call it. At last dinner was over : all things must have an end, even a table d'Hôte dinner at the Belle Vue, which is, except a French diligence and country quarters, the most tedious, dull, and apparently interminable affair that we at least or any of our *ten thousand friends* have had the good fortune to fall in with:—even this however was ended, and Mrs. Dobson rose to go, and apparently for the same purpose rose her two fair daughters ; when, lamentable to relate, the dress which had been so hastily put together burst, and that too with a considerable explosion, and some half-dozen not over-clean pocket-handkerchiefs, which, in order to improve upon nature, had been stowed away in different parts, fell to the ground, and their discomfited owner rushed from the room. Julianna followed, but Mrs. Dobson quietly walked up to the half-dozen suspicious-looking articles that lay upon the floor, picked them up, and, holding them dangling from her hand, walked to the door, opened it, and then, turning round to the company, made them a low curtesy and disappeared. Mrs. Dobson has made her curtesy to the company, and so we shall with the reader's permission make him or her our very best bow, promising that we shall, should it please her or him, renew our acquaintance by again taking up our amiable and unfortunate travellers at Cologne, where they and their trunks and handboxes safely arrived.

Now see them mounted once again, or rather dismounted, at the Rheinberg at Cologne, where they have arrived in the carriage which the reader may recollect Mr. Dobson bought at Brussels, and which resembled in no small degree that greatest of nuisances to all passengers on horseback and on foot,—a London Omnibus, which name we presume it has assumed because it drives indiscriminately over all his majesty's subjects. They have got safely out, which was no such easy matter as our readers might suppose if they have never seen the complicated machine that yonder quizzical fellow, the Brussels coachmaker, calls a travelling carriage. However, they are out, and having enjoyed the indispensable English luxury of first eating a hearty dinner, and then heartily abusing every article of which it was composed, Mr. Dobson set out to get the before-mentioned vehicle shipped on board the steamer in which they were to proceed up the Rhine early the following morning. This task was with considerable difficulty effected, though not until the carriage had been nearly precipitated into the "glassy stream," and Mr. Dobson, who insisted on directing the whole proceeding, of which he knew about as much as he did of flying, for which latter occupation nature could never have intended him, had actually met with a very sound ducking. Fortunately, there was help at hand, so he was soon fished out, with no other accident than a thorough wetting, and a fit of

hysterics from Julianna, and another of heroics as soon as he was safely deposited on shore, greatly to the edification of half a dozen German students, who stood quietly looking on, enjoying the double luxury of a *scene* and the fumes of their beloved Virginian weed. Mr. Dobson returned to the hotel, abusing every thing and every one who rejoices in the name of German,—simply because he had the awkwardness to fall over-board. He even went so far as to abuse the river for it, upon which Julianna defended the cause of the Rhine, and quoted that passage of “Childe Harold,” which begins, “The river nobly foams and flows!”—“Foams, indeed!” answered Mr. Dobson, who had no idea whatever of poetical license, “what do you call foaming?—surely, not that thick yellow mud that we saw running under those boats that they call a bridge. I know if Barclay, Perkins, & Co., did not foam a little better than that, I’d soon send it back to them, and Julianna’s damned castled crag of Drachenfels.”

Emily, as a matter of course, bought a considerable quantity of eau de Cologne, all of which, we may as well here state, was seized at the English Custom House on their return. The next morning at six they got on board the packet, amidst that Babel-like confusion that always attends on such an operation, and doubly so on these banks of Rhine, where the mixture of languages might well have puzzled even such a linguist as Sir William Jones; as one continually hears such sentences as this,—*Geben sie mir this sac de nuit und dieses large brown portmanteau.* The Dobsons were hurried on board without being allowed even a brief moment to look about them. Fiz, fiz, went the steam:—round went the paddles, and they were off in an instant. When they had proceeded a mile or two up the river, Mr. Dobson went forward to look at his carriage, in order to show the passengers that he had one, and consequently what an important personage he must be;—and so indeed he was in the opinion of himself and spouse.

He beheld a carriage truly; but, alas! it was not the property of Jeremiah Dobson, Esq. Poor man!—he was nearly frantic, and betook himself to the common practice on such occasions, crying out in English,—“Stop, stop;” but he might as well have asked the water rushing by them to perform the same operation. An explanation of course ensued and it appeared that Mr. Dobson, in his anxiety to have no confusion or mistake in the morning when his family were going on board, had shipped it on board the vessel bound for Holland, whence he was assured that both it and all his luggage would be safely forwarded to London by the first boat. This really was an unpleasant accident; but what was to be done? Poor Mr. Dobson was in a state of desperation, and Emily kept weeping bitterly, until, suddenly looking up, she perceived two very gentlemanly-looking young men close to her, conversing in English. My young lady immediately remembered that crying makes the eyes look red; so she thought, that she had better defer it to a more convenient opportunity.—Dinner was announced just as they got to the best part of the scenery: however, all the passengers seemed to consider the gratification of the palate of more importance than that of the eyes.

After dinner the conversation became general; and Emily discovered that the two Englishmen were studying at Bonn; and, moreover, that one of them had no objection to while away the tedium of the voyage by a flirtation; while the other was as romantic as Juliana could wish;—and she learned from him the legends attached to all the old castles they passed, of which we will give one as being a good specimen of the tragic and also of German legends in general.

THE CASTLE OF HOHENSTEIN.

The time at which my tale commenced was towards the latter end of the fourteenth century, when each baron ruled in his own strong hold with absolute sway, not only over his immediate vassals, but also over the peaceful traveller whom he stopped, robbed, or murdered, without being in dread of any other punishment than that inflicted by his own conscience, and which in general was easily appeased by a small present to his confessor, or the offering of a wax-candle or petticoat to the Virgin, who generally occupied a snug corner of his castle chapel. At this time, then, those old and scarcely perceptible ruins that you may perceive about half-way up the mountain, formed the magnificent castle of the proud baron of Hohenstein, who acknowledged no laws but the dictates of his own inclination; and those, if his vassals spoke true, were not always confined to the strict rule of right. He exacted strict obedience from every one around him, and those who had the hardihood to disobey him once seldom did so a second time.

The Baron had an only son, in every respect the opposite of his father. Ulric possessed a heart feelingly alive to all the gentle influences of humanity:—he was one of those who would turn aside to avoid injuring the worm that crawled in his path; yet differing as he did in almost every thing from his “inexorable sire,” the stern Baron loved him more than every thing else; but his love did not show itself in the usual way. To him the harsh command was addressed, as to others; but still there was an unconscious softening of the voice, and the stern brow was less contracted when he addressed his only son, the last of the long line of Hohenstein. The great hall of the castle was illuminated by a hundred lamps, hung around the walls in every variety of shape; and the shields of all the illustrious race of Hohenstein were each surrounded by a laurel wreath, in which the party-coloured lamps were placed; and here all the magnates of the land were gathered to behold the wedding of Ulric with the haughty daughter of the yet haughtier Baron Eichenherz. The goblet passes round, and all cares seem to be forgotten; and if the heart be sad, the face does not betray it.

There the gay dance of bounding beauty's train
Links grace and harmony in happiest chain.

Old Time, even, seemed to grow young again, as he fled with unnoticed wing. Yet, 'midst all this joy, if the vassals spoke true, there was at least one heart that did not beat in time to that gay measure; and that was Ulric's, on whom his father's eye often turned with an inexplicable meaning.

Ulric left the hall with an expression of anguish on his pale hand some face :—he stood at the private postern gate, arrayed in his costly wedding dress, and gazed out into the night. The dark clouds were scudding along before the gale, which was whistling dismally through the battlements, forming a striking contrast to the scene within. “Yes, yes,” he muttered, “it must be done now or never,” and he then sprang hastily down the cliff and soon reached the bottom, where now you may perceive the ruins of rather a large village. The inhabitants were all at that late hour asleep, and Ulric passed on unseen, till he came to a small but neat cottage, which belonged to the widow of a distant relation of the Baron’s, whose husband had been executed for treason, and all his estates confiscated. This small cottage had been given to her and her only daughter by the Baron, and here Ulric, during his father’s absence at the chase or in the carousals at the neighbouring castles, spent the greater portion of his idle time. He knocked at a small latticed window :—the noise was probably drowned in the storm, for he received no answer ; so putting his face to the casement, he said, “Lieba, dearest Lieba, it is I.” The casement was opened, and Ulric sprang into the room. “Are you ready, dearest?” he said ; Lieba threw herself into his arms, and, hiding her weeping face on his shoulder, said, “Oh, Ulric, you must not indeed do this ! I know your father never will forgive you ; and how can you, Ulric, bear poverty, who have so long been accustomed to live in princely splendour, and to the gratification of every wish ?—you will repent your hasty act, and—”

“Never, dearest, never,” interrupted Ulric ; “you know that not many hours hence I must wed the haughty maiden of Eichenherz whom I can never love. No, Lieba, I would rather share poverty, sickness, death itself, with you, than a throne with the proud Christine. I will never return to my father’s hall, even should you not fly with me. I have bribed the boatman, and horses wait us at the other side of the river. Now, Lieba, will you come ?”

She raised her head from his shoulder and looked out. “It is, in truth, a fearful night, and it seems as if heaven frowned on us :—yet I will go.”

They left the cottage, and a few moments brought them to the river, where was the boat ; and in it sat the old boatman muffled in his large cloak.

“Now row us quickly across, good Fritz,” said Ulric as he placed himself in the boat.

Scarcely had the frail bark left the shore when a flash of lightning, so vivid as to light up the whole scene with a blinding refulgence, burst from the cloud immediately over their heads, followed by a clap of thunder so loud and long that it seemed as if the demons of the storm were engaged in the din of war, and in all the confusion of a first onset. This was followed by so quick a succession of flashes as to be nearly continuous. The troubled waters were fearfully distinct, and the whole river appeared one mass of white and sparkling foam. The strong oars bent like reeds from the vigorous strokes of the boatman, as, wrapping himself closer in his mantle, he pulled silently into the stream. When he had reached the middle

he laid in his oars, and throwing open his rough cloak, the lightning flashed upon his jewelled vest:—it was the BARON.—Lieba uttered a piercing shriek, and then threw herself upon Ulric's bosom, who, spell-bound sat, gazing at his father.

"Ah, ah, boy," shouted the Baron, "did you think to deceive me. Now say, will you give her up?"

"Never father, never," answered Ulric resolutely.

"Then she shall die," answered the Baron sternly; and holding back his son with one herculean arm, he with the other plunged the ill-fated girl into the whirling waters. She gave but one long piercing shriek as she was borne down by the eddying current.

"Father," said Ulric in a low deep tone, and the lightning fell upon his face, disclosing an unearthly fixedness of purpose,—“Father, you have destroyed your only son;”—and breaking with the strength of despair from the Baron's grasp, he plunged himself into the stream and instantly disappeared.

Long and wildly did the proud Baron watch for him to rise, in vain; he then threw himself into the bottom of the boat, and wept with agony:—and they were the first tears he had shed since childhood. At length he rose, and called wildly on his son; and then, with a wild demoniacal laugh, he shouted, “I have no son:—I had one once, but I murdered him; ah, ha, ha!” and the rocks rang with that unearthly laugh, and he sank insensible into the boat. Next morning he was found many miles down the stream, and was brought home; but his mind was gone, and some months after he died a madman. Even to this day the fishermen tell, that on the anniversary night of this wild deed, when the spirit of the storm is abroad, the scene is acted over again;—the maiden is dashed into the stream,—again her shriek is heard,—and again the Baron is seen whirling down the stream calling on his son,—and again once more the rocks reverberate with his wild unearthly laughter.

“How charming,” said Julianna, endeavouring to seem affected, for which, however, she was not allowed time, inasmuch as they reached Coblenz, and were assailed by the usual crowd of unsentimental porters, all asking leave to take their luggage, and enquiring where it was to be taken to. Their luggage, alas, was now in Rotterdam.—Yes, the raspberry-jam and the ball-dresses, the walnut ketchup, and the German grammars and dictionaries, all except half a dozen that Mr. Dobson always carried in his coat pocket, were all travelling a different route from their owners, who now betook themselves to the White Horse, where Mr. Dobson abused every thing not English, and Emily enjoyed the rest of her fit of crying, which had been interrupted by the appearance of the young Englishman, after which they went most unromantically to bed. Next morning they were on board the steamer: the young ladies looked wistfully about them; but the Englishmen were not there. They proceeded up the flat uninteresting Rhine as far as Mayence, where they that very evening held a council of war,—and what was the result of their sage cogitations? Readers, be not dumb-founded:—they actually determined next day to return to England, each rejoicing at the plan, though from different motives.—Mr. Dobson was anxious to get

back in order to detail his adventures to his untravelled friends ;— Mrs. Dobson, because the jam and pickles were already there ;— Julianna, because it was not half so romantic as she expected, since she had neither been attacked by banditti, nor rescued by Count Vandenesky on a white horse ;— Emily, because there were not half so many dukes, counts, and barons as she expected, and the few she did meet seemed totally blind to her charms,—an obscurity of vision which she set down to national bad taste. Next morning then they did embark ; nor did they stop, save to sleep, till they were again established in Red Lion Street, where they still remain.

Although this article may be considered by our readers as a caricature, we once more assure them that we have met with many Dobson families who have, like that which we have been describing, travelled without seeing any thing that was really worth seeing.— Thus, in the short trip that we have taken with this unique *côterie*, they have, as we see, stopped in Brussels without seeing the gallery, —left Belgium without going to Antwerp or Waterloo,—passed through Cologne without seeing its beautiful cathedral,—spent a day at Coblenz, and yet did not see its wonderful fortress Ehrenbretstein ; and they at last returned to England to abuse those things they did not see.

THE IRISHMAN IN ITALY.

SPECIMENS OF FRENCH POETRY.

(Continued from our last.)

SONG.

WHEN lately near thee seated in the bower,
Too quickly fled the dissipating hour ;
When, scarcely bold, my hand encounter'd thine,
Or when thy tender glance reflected mine ;
Or when, condemn'd to separate in sorrow,
You fondly murmur'd, "Till to-morrow !"

When in the ball thou wouldst not join the dance,
Your smiles appear'd to welcome my advance ;
When on a flower your lips would leave a kiss,
And whisper in my ear, "For me keep this !"
Then if I seem'd to slight the token dear,
Your cheek was moisten'd with a tear :—

Didst thou not then my fervent passion know ?
Couldst thou not seal my bliss, or stamp my woe ?
Was not thy glance, reciprocally fond,
Enough to carry me the earth beyond,
And bear me to Elysium ? For that glance
Express'd not tenderness by chance !

Oh ! no—for now thy retrospective thought,
Scanning the past, with bitterness is fraught ;
And still Imagination must review
Those joyous days when first my love was new :
Still must you see me present as before,
And all your faithlessness deplore !

Thou canst not have forgotten when thine ear
Hearken'd the news of my departure near ;
When from thy damask cheek the roses fled,
And when mine arms receiv'd thee almost dead,
While from thy breathless mouth I stole a kiss,
That was indeed an hour of bliss.

If in thy garden now thou wand'rest—all
The flow'rs—the plants—the shrubs my name recal
Unto thy mind—as erst those flow'rs by thee
Were rear'd, with kind solicitude, for me :—
Oh ! art thou reckless of their present bloom,
Indiff'rent to their sweet perfume ?

And has the reminiscence of the day
When first I told my passion, pass'd away—
When in mine own your trembling hand was placed,
When on your cheek the marks of tears were traced—
Those tears of bliss that fill'd my heart with joy ;
How couldst thou such fond hopes destroy ?

Reproach thyself—for I can pardon yet
The transient love which taught thee to forget :
And if I lov'd thee first, 'twas you that gave
The hopes now buried in Oblivion's wave ;
And if the crowd were jealous of my bliss,
It ne'er foresaw a change like this !

BARON COPPENS.

NAPOLEON'S COLUMN IN THE PLACE VENDÔME.

ON the foundation that his glory laid,
With indestructible materials made,
Alike secure from ruin and from rust,
Before whose splendour others are but dust,
Th' eternal column, tow'ring far on high,
Presents Napoleon's throne unto the sky.

Well deem'd the hero, when his sov'reign hand,
Fatigued with war, the lasting trophy plann'd,
That civil discord would retire in shame
Before the vast memorial of his name,
And that the nation would forget to praise
The deeds of those who shone in ancient days.

Around the earth his vet'rans he had led,
O'er smoking fields encumber'd with the dead ;
And from the presence of that host so true
Armies and kings in wild confusion flew,
Leaving their pond'rous cannon on the plain,
A prey to him and his victorious train.

Then, when the fields of France again were trod
By him who came triumphant as a god,
Bearing the spoils of a defeated world—
He came, 'mid joyous cries, with flags unfurl'd,
Welcome as eagle to the famish'd brood
That waits on mountain-top its daily food.

But he, intent on his ambitious aims,
 Straightway proceeds to where the furnace flames;
 And while his troops, with haste and zealous glow
 The massive ordnance in the caldron throw,
 He to the meanest artizan unfolds
 His plans to fix the fashion of the moulds.

Then to the war he led his troops once more,
 And from the foe the palm of conquest bore:
 He drove th' opponent armies from the plain,
 And seiz'd their dread artillery again,
 As good materials for the column high,
 Built to perpetuate his memory!

Such was his task! The roaring culverin—
 The spur, the sabre, and the mortar's din—
 These were his earliest sports, till Egypt gave
 Her ancient pyramids his smile to save;
 Then, when th' Imperial crown adorn'd his brow,
 He rais'd the monument we rev'rence now.

He rais'd that monument! The grandest age,
 Which e'er th' historian's annals might engage,
 Furnished the subject; and the end of time
 Shall boast that emblem of his course sublime,
 Where Rhine and Tyber roll'd in crimson flood,
 And the tall snow-capp'd Alps all trembling stood!

For even as the giant race of old
 Ossa on Pelion—mount on mountain roll'd,
 To scale high heaven's towers; so he has made
 His battles serve to help his escalade;
 And thus to gratify his fancy wild,
 Wagram, Arcole, on Austerlitz were pil'd!

The sun unveil'd himself in beauty bright,
 The eyes of all beam'd gladness and delight,
 When, with unruffled visage, thou didst come,
 Hero of France! unto the Place Vendôme,
 To mark thy column tow'ring from the ground,
 And the four eagles rang'd the base around!

'Twas then, environ'd by thy warriors tried,
 As erst the Romans flock'd to Æmilius' side;
 'Twas then each child—each infant, on whose head
 Six summers scarcely had their radiance shed,
 Murmur'd applause, and clapp'd his little hands,
 And spied a father 'midst thy serried bands.

Oh! when thou stoodst there, godlike, proud, and great,
 Pond'ring on conquest, majesty, and state;
 Who would have thought that e'er the time should be
 When a base senate could dishonour thee,
 And cavil o'er thine ashes? * For Vendôme
 At least is worthy to become thy tomb!

VICTOR HUGO.

Translated by PARISIANUS.

(To be continued in our next.)

* The Chamber of Deputies, October 7, 1830.

THE FRENCH POETS AND NOVELISTS.

(Concluded from page 532.)

WE now come to Alexandre Dumas. Speaking of the "*Souvenirs d'Antony*," the critic of the "*Quarterly*" says, "The scene of the first tale is Naples during its occupation by the French. A reward is offered for the head of a certain captain of banditti that infested the neighbourhood. Two peasant boys find him asleep, and recollecting, dear *children* (they are all along called *enfants*) how they had seen a sheep killed, cut his throat, &c." Now this sentence corroborates our assertion relative to the critic's ignorance of the French language. These two boys had numbered seventeen summers, and the French as often apply the word *enfant* as *garçon* to individuals of that age. Fathers of families call their sons *enfants* even when they are thirty or forty years old.

But to continue. We must inform the writer in the "*Quarterly*" that the two first and the last of M. Dumas' five tales are founded on facts, that he gathered those facts himself in Naples, and that all Frenchmen understand as much. We must moreover remind the same gentleman—for from his language we naturally suppose the author of the article entitled "*French Novels*" to be of the male sex—that there are two schools of novels, the romantic and the fashionable, and that M. Dumas' tales come under the former denomination. We may also add, that because the days of Ann Radcliffe, Maturin, Goethe, Schiller, Clara Reeve, Monk Lewis, &c. &c., are gone by, there is no reason wherefore M. Dumas should not choose to be their imitator, if his taste or his talent induce him to follow their footsteps, and to study in the halls which, when they retired, became, as it were, deserted.

Having lashed Dumas with as little ceremony and as little reason as the others who went before him, the critic turns his arms against De Balzac, and his comments upon this author are perhaps the only fair and unprejudiced portion of the whole article. Balzac is nevertheless a beautiful, though a dangerous writer, full of sentiment, of philosophy, of metaphysical reasoning, and of energy; but his works have certainly now and then an immoral tendency, although not to the extravagant extent described in the "*Quarterly*." As literary productions De Balzac's novels are the first in France; and if the descriptive portions of his works be occasionally wearisome and tedious, as in the "*Lys de Vallée*," and the "*Peau de Chagrin*," the elegance of the language and the vivacity of the ideas amply compensate for this fault. The critic in the "*Quarterly*" has a particular regard for the word *vulgar*, and applies it not only as frequently as opportunities occur, but also where it is an inappropriate, a false, and an unjust epithet. The coarse ribaldry of "*Joseph Andrews*" is not extenuated even by the admirable wit that abounds in its pages; but no one can truly say that De Balzac's works "are a series of unconnected tales of the vulgarest and most licentious character."

JUNE, 1837.

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We, however, strongly suspect that the author of the article in the "Quarterly" is one of those Englishmen who have passed six weeks or two months in Paris, and have, from the reminiscences of their school education, retained a sufficient smattering of the French language just barely to skim over a few easy novels (with the indispensable aid of a Nugent's dictionary), and thence, on their return to England, imagine themselves capable of criticising and dissecting foreign institutions, customs, habits, morals, literature, and jurisprudence, while really their knowledge of those matters is too trivial even to allow them to discuss the subjects in common conversation. Of this an editor of the "Atlas" gave us a specimen about a year ago; when, in a long article intended to be a notice on the "Revue des deux Mondes," and the "Revue de Paris," he coolly tells us "that the French have no other literary periodical journals of any consequence, that their reviews of new books are always scanty and short, and that they pay but little attention to criticisms on recent publications." All this is entirely false. The Parisian press boasts of the "Chronique de Paris," the "Voleur," and the "Cabinet de Lecture," which are as large as the "Athenæum," which appear *six times a month*, and which invariably contain critical notices as elaborate as those of the English parallel papers. In addition to these, there are the "Revue des deux Mondes," the "Revue de Paris," "France Littéraire," and "Le Panorama de Londres," which are published every Sunday, and consist of from 150 to 200 closely-printed octavo pages each, the "Revue du Nord," the "Revue Britannique," and a variety of other magazines published monthly, and of the same size as their English cotemporaries. All these periodicals are more or less devoted to literary criticism; besides which, the French daily political newspapers (to the number of thirty-seven) all contain *feuilletons* where new works are reviewed with an impartiality that ought to put to shame the reckless profusion of praise, which English critics bestow on the most insignificant and contemptible books.

But let us return to our subject. The writer in the "Quarterly" has attacked the French novelists in a most savage manner: will he allow us to ask him if he has ever read any French poetry? and if he has not, we will introduce him to Lamartine, and say a few words with regard to "Jocelyn."

If the attractions of any art can cause the soul of man to feel itself suddenly lifted afar from the grosser joys of earth, and wrapped in a species of blissful delirium—it is poetry. If there be any author who has complete power over the minds of his readers, to enchain them in the mystic bonds that his effusions cast around them, and actually to implicate them and their feelings, their sympathies, and their passions, in the scenes that he depicts in glowing colours—it is the poet. He is like an enchanter, who, with a magic wand, can make works of imagination appear facts, and give reality to fables, so that the bewitching pleasure which the reader experiences rather resembles a long unwearied dream of delight than the effect of a certain operation premeditated, undertaken, and pursued when awake. And such a poet is De Lamartine.

We were in raptures with many passages in Victor Hugo's "Chants

du Crepuscule;" we admired them for the novelty of the subject, the peculiarity of their style, the strange comminglings of bliss, hope, fear, sorrow, and doubt, that were their characteristics, and the pervading harmony of their versification; but we can scarcely express our ecstasy at the perusal of "*Jocelyn*." There is something so touching in the manner in which it is written, something so pleasing and yet so touching in the tale, and something so elevated in the thoughts, the metaphors, and the ideas which abound in brilliancy and number throughout the pages, that we with difficulty laid aside the book when once it was commenced. But let us be more special in our remarks.

"*Jocelyn*" is an episode—it is not an entire poem. Even if the work were completed, and if the fragment, as it now stands, were connected as two books with ten others in the same style, the whole would not be entitled to the name of an "*Epic Poem*." We do not mean to say, that "*Jocelyn*," on the ground of its own merits, is unworthy of being considered an epic composition; for the word "*epic*" has a peculiar and singular meaning; nor that De Lamartine is incapable of achieving that summit of all poetic emulation; nor that he would be forced to remain on the sides of Mount Helicon or Parnassus, without ever arriving at the summit, even if he had tried thereto to climb. No; but the style, the incidents, and the arrangements of this episode, totally preclude the possibility of coupling it with that word, whose definition is particular.

Lamartine informs us in his preface, that as he intended at the commencement of the book to extend it at some future period, and as that extension would embrace the incidents, the subjects, and the style of "*Jocelyn*," he preferred sending forth this episode of his intended work at present, in order to prepare the way for the remainder, or to furnish materials for the lucubrations of some other poet, who might take upon himself the completion or an imitation of the original ideas. But no one was bold enough to publish, if he were to write, the remaining six books to be filled up of Spenser's "*Faerie Queene*;" and should M. de Lamartine be prevented from fulfilling his hopes and his anticipations in this work, we fear that it will for ever remain a fragment.

From the prologue we gather the origin of the tale. The author had a friend who lived in an enviable solitude, and who occupied his time chiefly in taking care of his flocks that wandered with him amongst the mountains. One morning the author ascended the hills, as was his wont, to visit his venerable acquaintance, and was surprised not to see him in his accustomed haunts—

"For, 'twas the hour, when, free from ev'ry care,
The holy hermit pour'd to heaven his prayer;
And tow'rd's the cottage as I nearer drew,
That, which was wonder first, to terror grew;
For, from the chimney, curling to the sky,
No smoke, as usual, met my anxious eye;
And then, while yet the sun had not repos'd
In Thetis' lap, the lattices were closed.
A shudder came upon me, as the blast
A transient ruffling o'er the waves may cast;
Still, without vainly yielding to my woe,
I hastened on with step no longer slow."

(Page 23.)

The author entered the cottage, and encountered the old servant Martha in the little parlour. By her his fears were confirmed—his friend was no more. He ascended the stairs, and entered the chamber of death. On the bed was stretched the venerable deceased.

“Calm was his visage, placid was his mien,
His cheek unruffled as it e’er had been ;
And on his tranquil countenance was shed
A ray that seemed to tell he was not dead ;
And the faint smile, which curled his lip ere he
Had left the earth to seek eternity,
Still lingered—happy sign that envious death
Used but small effort to withdraw his breath !”

(Page 26.)

When the funeral obsequies were completed, the author questioned the old servant as to the domestic habits of the deceased, and whether he ever amused himself with writing. A reply in the affirmative led to further interrogation, and at length a number of manuscripts were discovered in the loft. The contents of those papers formed the tale of “Jocelyn,” which Lamartine in his preface declares to be “almost a recital of facts, and not an ideal narrative accidentally entering into his thoughts.”

The tale opens with the noble sacrifice of a brother’s worldly prospects to secure a happy marriage for his sister. The resignation of Jocelyn to the force of adverse circumstances compelling him, as the condition of his sister’s felicity, to give up all claim to the estate their mother possesses, and reducing him to the necessity of seeking an asylum in a house whose inmates are dedicated to the service of their God—is admirably delineated and pourtrayed. But Jocelyn had the internal satisfaction which a good man feels when he has done a good action ; or, in his own words,—

“Heav’n has rewarded me ! ’Twas yesterday
The happy Ernest bore his bride away.
Flashed from her eyes the bliss her bosom knew,
And to his own the warm transfusion flew.
Before the sacred altar as they knelt,
While both one sentiment of pleasure felt,
’T would seem that fortune’s choicest gifts were shed,
And fav’ring genii hovered o’er their head,
To promise future bounties, and ensure
A long duration of that union pure !”

(Page 54.)

It was thus in witnessing the felicity of his sister that Jocelyn was amply rewarded for the noble sacrifice he had made. But the hour for parting with his mother was dreadful.

“‘Dear, tender parent, seek a calm repose ;’—
’Twas thus I tried to soothe my mother’s woes ;—
‘Absorb the anguish of your deep distress,
A few short hours, in sleep’s forgetfulness :
Pray for thy children, suffocate those sighs,
And wipe the tear-drops from your streaming eyes,

So that amid the visions of to-night
 No horrors break upon my mental sight.
 Wherefore anticipate the hour when you
 To him you reared must breathe a long adieu?
 Alas! full soon, already far too near,
 Will come that hour, despite of sigh and tear;
 And then may God support thee, then from heaven
 May resignation to your soul be given;
 And thou shalt see me enter on the race
 That God marks for me, with a smiling face.
 Sleep! and when morning beams on all around,
 At your bed-side shall Jocelyn be found;
 And if one tear of bitterness betray
 Our inward grief, Heaven wipe the drop away!"

(Page 61.)

And Jocelyn departed; and as he turned away from the maternal mansion, his tears fell profusely. Thus concludes the diary of the first epoch.

The date at the commencement of the *second epoch*, and the introductory lines, inform us that six years have passed away since the era of Jocelyn's departure from the maternal dwelling. These six years have been spent in a religious seminary, in solitary tranquillity and sombre peace. The revolution now rages in all its fury, and the fertile plains of France are covered with blood. Jocelyn's mother and sister, and that fair sister's husband, quitted their disastrous country at the commencement of the civil tumult; and Jocelyn himself is obliged to fly from the persecuting hand that has thus exiled his family, and seek shelter in Dauphiny. He falls in with an old hermit, who kindly takes compassion upon him, and conducts him to the "Eagle's Grotto," a cave situated amidst the almost impervious recesses of the windings of the Alps. It is surrounded by an immense gulf: the only communication with the main land, as it were, from this island, (for such appellations are appropriate to the localities M. de Lamartine beautifully describes,) is an immense arched bridge of ice, which frowns over the abyss beneath, and rears its lofty curve high in the air, so that none could possibly imagine its competency to afford so practicable a thoroughfare.

For some time Jocelyn lived contentedly in his forlorn retreat, without ever crossing the tremendous bridge of communication. At length one morning he ventured to *reconnoitre* the lands on the other side of the gulf. This is an era marked by a circumstance which formed an important feature in the life of Jocelyn, and gave him a companion in his exile.

An individual, outlawed by the government for political offences, had taken refuge amongst the Alps, and was pursued by two military emissaries sent in search of proscribed fugitives. The unfortunate individual was accompanied by his son, a youth of fifteen or sixteen, and as they ran along the edge of the gulf the soldiers prepared to fire. Jocelyn, on the cavern side of the abyss, unmindful of his own danger, made a sign to the fugitives, and pointed towards the bridge that might lead them to security. The outlaw and his son arrived at the middle of the curved mass of ice—Jocelyn received

the latter safely in his arms, but the former was mortally wounded; not, however, before he had dealt death to the two soldiers who pursued him.

Laurence, such was the boy's name, was delicately but beautifully formed. His countenance was fraught with feminine softness; his luxuriant hair fell in long ringlets over his well-shaped shoulders; his jacket was invariably buttoned up closely to his throat; and his slender waist was encircled by his neckerchief, when he and Jocelyn climbed the mountains to collect fruits, catch birds, &c. &c., for their daily food. Jocelyn soon became sincerely attached to Laurence, and Laurence manifested a reciprocal regard for his friend. But Jocelyn often felt himself embarrassed in the society of Laurence, and frequently cast down his eyes to avoid meeting the glance which that affectionate youth threw at him.

Time passed on; and, in Jocelyn's own words,—

“ Since griefs no longer his young heart oppress,
How Laurence thrives in youthful loveliness!
At times a heavenly radiance seems to shine
Upon his brow; and as his eyes meet mine,
I scarce can brook the magic of his charms,
But feel my bosom ruffled with alarms,—
The holy fears that erst those women knew,
When tow'rs their Saviour's sepulchre they drew,
And when the angels' answer to their prayer
Told them in solemn sounds, ‘ *He is not there!* ’ ”

(Page 166.)

One morning Jocelyn ventured out at an early hour, and left Laurence asleep in the cave. Jocelyn crossed the bridge of ice which an avalanche had formed, and beneath which the waters dashed in roaring eddies, thundering onwards, and scattering the foam around. He amused himself for some time in the regions without the gulf, and then retraced his steps towards the bridge. But a terrible storm overtook him, the rage of elements resembled the combat of armed warriors in deadly strife, the earth shook, the lightning flashed, the sky was clouded over. Jocelyn hurried onwards, and was nearly separated from Laurence for ever; for the bridge gave way and mingled with the torrents beneath. Jocelyn's activity, however, saved him, and he thanked God that Laurence was not with him.

Arrived at the cavern once more, he sought for Laurence, but sought in vain. Overcome with terror and horrible apprehensions, he almost yielded to his despair, when a certain trace led him towards a part of the gulf. Amidst the crags, near the torrents, and covered with beating sleet, lay Laurence. Jocelyn sprang to the bottom, seized his friend in his arms, and hurried with him to the cave.

“ Long time I called him back to life in vain,
My lips no breath to his could give again;
Despairingly I placed him on my bed,
And staunched the blood that his fair brow had shed.
Still was he lifeless! From his bleeding breast,
E'en with my teeth, I rent the gory vest;
Great God! beneath that garment long concealed,
A female's lovely bosom was revealed! ” (Page 304.)

Laurence recovered, and now that Jocelyn found he might love his companion without fear and without restraint, when the mystery so singularly developed was fully explained by the blushing maiden, and when she no longer experienced the necessity of withholding a secret from her preserver, their mutual joy knew no bounds. But, alas! that felicity was of short duration. A train of circumstances, which our limits will not permit us to relate, compelled Jocelyn to become a priest, and to bid an eternal farewell to the distracted girl, who was removed from the Eagle's Grotto to the protection of friends. No impure passion had sullied her innocence, and Jocelyn was again alone in the world.

Peace was restored to France, and in process of time we see Jocelyn installed in a humble curacy in the vicinity of his favourite Alps. One day he is sent for to a neighbouring town to shrive the soul of a lady at the point of death. He is the only pastor in the neighbourhood, and he hastens to obey the summons.

"In the dull chamber sickly was the light,
The dingy curtains hid her from my sight,
Save when the slightest motion half-revealed
A pallid brow, at other times concealed;
And on that brow, so paly, yet so fair,
Were wildly scattered locks of auburn hair,
That, amply clust'ring o'er her bosom's swell,
Thence to the ground in rich profusion fell.

"'Father!' she cried in accents scarce unknown.
My soul was shaken by that dulcet tone;
I felt, while all my frame convuls'd with fear,
A vague remembrance as it met my ear;
And scarcely, in that moment of distress,
An exclamation could my lips suppress!"

(Page 178, vol. ii.)

The lady proceeded with her confession, and told Jocelyn that her first and only love had been blighted in its bud, that she had since married another, that her husband died shortly after their union, and that she had vainly mingled in the dissipation and gaiety of life and society to chase away the reminiscences of her primal passion. Pleasure had been no solace to her—

"For still devoid of hope, alas! each day
In bitterness and anguish passed away;
And all the energies of life, declining,
Seemed to be broken by a constant pining.
Yet on her cheek remained the youthful bloom
That half defied th' attraction of the tomb;
Thus a fair tree, with foliage ever green,
Contains a worm which gnaws its core unseen."

(Page 186, vol. ii.)

The lady pursued her confession in the same melancholy strain, composed half of bitterness and half of an unnatural joy that she was approaching her end, and concluded in the following manner:—

"'Oh! in the hour when dissolution's nigh,
Could he but on me cast a tearful eye,

And could his voice but whisper in my ear,
That tender voice, to me so soft, so dear,
The tomb would lose its sting !'

" No more restrained
By fear, I cried, ' Laurence, thy wish is gained !'
The feeble lamp a sickly lustre shed,
She rais'd herself with rapture in the bed,
And gaz'd upon my features. ' Yes—'tis he !'

" ' Laurence, 't was God that sent me thus to thee,
To grant you absolution, and ensure
Peace to thy soul, no longer stained—but pure !' "

(Page 189, vol. ii.)

Laurence never rises from that bed, which was soon pressed by the cold corpse of one so lovely, so fascinating, and so unfortunate !

The remaining pages are uninteresting, save for their poetic beauty, and the proofs they afford of the originality of M. de Lamartine's genius. And in these times when almost all are copyists, when our great predecessors have done so much, and have done that much so well, that we, their imitators, have little left to do save to embody their ideas in our own language, and then be at fault, the merit of originality is not only singular, but also one of the best recommendations for an author.

Having thus disposed of the greater portion of our pages in this article to the consideration of Lamartine, with a view of instructing the writer in the "Quarterly" and of edifying our readers in general, we will proceed in our refutation of the most glaring falsehoods and misrepresentations to be found in the critical notice of the above-mentioned Review that called forth this answer. Our limits prevent us from following the critic through his animadversions on Michel Masson and Georges Sand; suffice it to say, that they are couched in the same prejudiced style as the others, and are interlarded with the same abuse, indiscriminately distributed, and as equally unmerited as in the former instances. Let us pass on to the critic's extraordinary argument to prove that immorality in France has arrived to such a dreadful extent, and so much preponderates over that of his own countrymen, "that no one can read the sketches he has given of French novels, and the instances he has produced of French morals, without seeing that they are not only of one country, but of one family; and that the novels, in fact, present upon the whole the less unfavourable view of the state of French society."

Now it is perfectly true that French novels are generally founded on intrigues, &c. &c., and that English novels are totally different in this respect; but do intrigues, suicides, adulteries, and murders exist the less in England for that? The French novel, as it regards sketches of domestic manners, is only a picture of society in France; but as it regards tales of intrigue, illicit love, suicide, and murder, it is a picture of all the world, and is as applicable to England, Spain, Italy, and Germany, as to France alone. Moreover, because we read in a French novel a description of a wife's infidelity, a husband's vengeance, and a lover's suicide, does the critic in the "Quarterly" mean to argue that *every wife* is unfaithful in France, that *every hus-*

band revenges his wrongs, and that *every lover* kills himself in despair? Are English women always pure? is vengeance unknown in Britain? and is *suicide* merely a name amongst our immaculate countrymen? No—we never take up a paper without reading a case of *crim. con.*; we see, alas! too often, terrible instances of the most deadly vengeance; and occurrences of suicide have lately been so frequent in England, that the very police-magistrates have assumed to themselves the right of punishing those who are detected and saved in an attempt at self-destruction. Yet the author of the article we are examining adduces a long list of cases where individuals in France have committed suicide on account of remorse, disappointed love, or even a trivial stroke of adversity, to prove that the immorality of the French is not confined to a few depraved beings, but that it is partaken of and shared amongst thirty-four millions of souls, without a single exception, they being all *one family* in vice.

Perhaps the critic, whose deplorable misrepresentations we have taken some pains to correct, is not aware that the average amount of crime in England preponderates slightly over that in France; and that there are more murders, more robberies, more infanticides, and more unnatural crimes registered in the annals of turpitude and delinquency in the former than there are in the latter country. An appeal to the "Newgate Calendar," and to a collection of the "Gazette des Tribunaux," will bear us out in our assertion.

The abuser of French novels now proceeds to favour us with some extracts from the said "Gazette des Tribunaux," relative to several horrible trials that have lately taken place in France. Amongst the hundreds that occur annually in that as well as in any other country, it is very easy to select half a dozen of the most dreadful, "in order to prove that the principles which pervade the novels appear to exhibit themselves elsewhere." In answer to this we declare that the same principles exhibit themselves also in England; particularly when Mrs. Brownrigg flogged her apprentices to death, and when Cooke at Leicester, about five years ago, murdered Mr. Paas with a log of wood, *and then burnt the body piecemeal on the fire to get rid of all traces that might lead to his discovery.* The late murder of Mrs. Brown by Greenacre was not attended with any dreadful circumstances, we suppose. Oh! no—in England murders are always committed *mercifully* and *humanely*, according to the inferences we naturally draw from the remarks of the critic in the "Quarterly;" whereas in France they are invariably attended with unusual circumstances of horror. To support this assertion he adduces the case of Dellacollonge, "who cut the body into pieces for the purpose of more easily disposing of it in ponds and ditches." Our worthy critic forgets the almost parallel conduct (above-mentioned) of Cooke, *who cut the body into pieces to burn it*; nor could he possibly foresee the monstrous deeds of Greenacre.

The verdict in Dellacollonge's case was as follows:—"As to the murder, the culprit is guilty of voluntary homicide, but without premeditation; and as to the robbery, he is guilty, but with extenuating circumstances."

Upon which the writer in the "Quarterly" says, "*Without preme-*

ditation ! He had concealed the girl for some days in his house, till he could find an occasion of making away with her. And the *extenuating circumstances* were that to the robbery was superadded *sacrilege*, and that sacrilegious robbery was committed to enable a murderer to make his escape."

Now this is false and misrepresented ; Dellacollonge did not even mean to murder the girl when he put his hand to her throat with severity, to give her an idea of the preliminary feelings of strangulation. A reference to the French journals of February, 1836, will establish the truth of this assertion. The misrepresentation is about the words "extenuating circumstances." In England life is often wasted for trivial crimes ; in France it is always spared, that the culprit may have time to repent, when mercy can possibly be thus extended ; and it was only a merciful and humane feeling that caused the addition of the words "extenuating circumstances" to be made to the jury's verdict ; an addition that, without compromising their sincerity, did honour to the jurors' hearts.

The palpable object of the article under notice, and as the author himself *almost* confesses, is to show that "the July revolution has worked a great and sudden change" in the morality of the French. He says it has "emancipated the women from all *etiquette* and reserve ; that is, in one word, *modesty* !" This is false and absurd, so absurd, indeed, that we are astonished to meet with so palpable a folly in the "Quarterly Review." A child could not be made to believe that the insurrection of a mighty people to displace a tyrant, and to elevate another man to the throne, could produce such baneful effects. A monarchical change cannot so essentially affect private morals. The predilections and passions of individuals are not subject to variation on account of the secession or expulsion of one dynasty and the succession of another. An extension of political liberty does not implicate a *decrease* of moral rectitude and social order ; it rather encourages an *increase*. The example of a superstitious and encroaching despot could not benefit the morals of the French ; but the example of a good husband, a good father, a good Christian, and a man who was a good son, certainly must be a beneficial one for the country.

PARISIANUS.

A FRENCH SONG, WITH AN ENGLISH VERSION.

AIR.

Oh ! l'amour, volupté suprême !
Se sentir deux dans un seul cœur !
Posséder la femme qu'on aime !
Être l'esclave et le vainqueur !
Avoir son âme ! avoir ses charmes !
Son chant qui sait vous apaiser !
Etes beaux yeux remplis de larmes
Qu'on essuie avec un baiser !

TRANSLATION.

Sweet passion,—when a gentle fire
(Two hearts in one) the bosom burns,
When love rewards intense desire,
And man is slave and lord by turns !
To own such charms above their peers,
A voice diffusing airy bliss !
And glistening eyes o'erflowed with
tears,
To dry their moisture with a kiss.

E. F.

THE PINACOTHECA OF MUNICH.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I beg to present to you a paper descriptive of a very celebrated picture gallery lately opened in the capital of Bavaria, and I shall feel myself amply repaid for the trouble of committing my observations to paper, if they shall be found interesting by even a few of your numerous readers. That they will interest some of them, I would fain think,—especially as they appear within one short month of the opening of our own National Gallery, and just at the season when the restless sight-seeing portion of our countrymen are busy dressing their wings for their summer migration.

With respect to what I have said of Mr. Wilkins, I am as ready as any one to give him the honour due to his unquestionable talent; but I cannot avoid the expression of my deep disappointment at his failure in Trafalgar Square. Either at Berlin or Munich he might, if he had so pleased, have acquired much valuable knowledge, that would have saved him from the *disgrace* of a failure and would have ensured for us the possession of a Gallery equally *creditable* to the architect and to the country.

I shall only add that my facts may be fully depended on, inasmuch as they are founded not only on personal observation, but are confirmed by the authority of the best native critics;—and I beg to subscribe myself,

Your's most faithfully,

IL VIAGGIATORE.

May 20, 1837.

It is well known to all the lovers of the Fine Arts, that the royal family of Bavaria has been long distinguished in Europe for its enlightened love and patronage of art and of its professors and students. The galleries, which formerly gave celebrity to Dusseldorf, Mannheim, Deux-Ponts, Schleisheim, as well as the old Munich collection, owe their existence entirely to the reigning family. The Dusseldorf gallery was founded by the Elector-Palatine John William,—that of Mannheim by Charles Theodore, and that at Deux-Ponts by the Duke Charles. The collections in the Capital and at the superb palace of Schleisheim were created and gradually enlarged by the Dukes Albert V. and William V. and by the Electors Maximilian I. and Maximilian Emmanuel. It was at the commencement of the present century, that Maximilian Joseph, who united in his own person the two Electorates of Bavaria and the Palatinate together with the Duchy of Deux-Ponts and was afterwards raised by Napoleon to kingly power in compliance with the terms of the Peace of Presberg in 1805, conceived the notion of collecting within the precincts of the capital in one grand gallery the scattered wealth which the *virtù* and good taste of his ancestors had deposited in different parts of his kingdom. The number of these pictures, however, was found to be so great, that the

Munich Gallery and the Palace of Schleisheim were together insufficiently large to contain them. Provincial galleries have been therefore formed to admit the residue of these pictures:—Augsburg and Nuremberg already possess galleries; and measures are in course of being taken to establish galleries in other principal towns. It would be well, if England would imitate the bright example of Bavaria. But there is a fatal lethargy with respect to the arts too prevalent among the parties who ought to lead the national taste:—otherwise the National Gallery would not be confined to its wretched quota of *a hundred and twenty* pictures, while Munich has its *thirteen hundred*, the Louvre about *fourteen hundred*, and the Berlin gallery, (which began to be formed only in 1822,) possesses between *seven and eight hundred*. That England has the means of forming a splendid gallery merely by collecting into one body the *chefs d'œuvre* on the walls of the royal palaces, cannot be doubted: but has the learned Mr. Wilkins made room for them? We fear not;—but *revenons à nos moutons*.

The present king, Louis Charles, whose accession took place in 1825, was scarcely on the throne before he put in practice a plan that he had often meditated before—namely, of presenting Munich with a depository worthy of its splendid artistical riches. He laid the first stone of the PINACOTHECA, with his own hands on the 7th of April, 1826. This splendid edifice,—one monument only of the sovereign's good taste and patriotism among many others, such as the Glyptotheca, the Walhalla, and many other noble structures,—has at length been opened to the public; and our English travellers will be enabled to enjoy a treat, such as hitherto could not have been enjoyed out of Italy. To fill the spacious saloons of this gallery, a selection was made from several thousand pictures which had been accumulated at Munich, and many hundreds of which were given by the king himself:—and only those were picked out, which from their real excellence and their peculiar character might be considered as true types of individual genius and really characteristic of the school to which they respectively belong. *Thirteen hundred* of the most remarkable *chefs d'œuvre* of all the schools of Europe are now deposited in the Pinacotheca. The remainder have been hung in the gallery at Schleisheim or sent into the provincial towns.

A good light, a systematic arrangement, and facility for study, may be stated to be the indispensable requisites in the projection of a gallery of Arts. Without the first such a building would be entirely useless:—the classification into schools is universally acknowledged as indispensable to the progress of the student; and we may safely affirm that rooms set apart and adapted for study and copying are equally necessary,—if at least such a gallery be considered in any respect as a school of art. It is not at all too much to say, even in the face of Mr. Wilkins's professional disapproval, that Baron Von Klenze has perfectly accomplished all the real and essential objects that he contemplated as well as the merely adventitious points of architectural decoration.* The Pinacotheca, which is intended to receive only

* Baron Von Klenze, who, by the way, was the architect of the Glyptotheca as well as of the Pinacotheca, has proved himself to be a much more skilful manager of his re-

those objects of art that are represented on a flat ground, is divided into nine large saloons which communicate with twenty-three smaller apartments. The upper part of the building is exclusively devoted to paintings;—the lower floor, not yet completed, is to contain engravings, original drawings of the old masters, enamels, mosaics, &c. &c. The large saloons are lighted from above, while the smaller rooms, which contain the smaller pictures, have a side light from the north. The arrangement is entirely systematic; for not only does each school hold a particular locality, but the larger pictures are separated from the smaller, in order to prevent that distraction of the eye which makes it difficult to judge the merits of a smaller picture when in juxtaposition to one of much larger size:—the saloons hold the large paintings, the apartments that run out of them are the depositories of those of smaller dimensions. A corridor, extending the whole length of the building, communicates with the various saloons, which are each of them devoted to the productions of separate schools. This arrangement not only gives the student great facility in examining and comparing the different *chefs d'œuvre* of different schools; but it relieves the eye from that fatigue, which it necessarily encounters in surveying a long and uninterrupted suite of paintings.

The visitor enters the gallery by a spacious and lofty vestibule supported by marble columns, from which a double flight of steps conducts him to the upper floor. The first room that he enters is an antechamber richly decorated, but only with white and gold,—called the “Hall of the Founders:”—it is adorned with six large portraits of the princes whom we named at the commencement of this article, and with a frieze by the celebrated Bavarian sculptor Schwanenthaler illustrative of the national history. We now proceed to the collection itself, which is thus divided. Five saloons and seventeen smaller rooms hold the paintings of the German and Flemish schools: the schools of France and Spain are contained in a single room; and the five remaining saloons and their apartments are devoted to the Italian school. We shall name some of the more celebrated pictures that hang in the different departments of the gallery.

The first saloon of the GERMAN school contains the following pictures by Albert Durer, all highly characteristic of that eccentric master,—the Apostles, the Chevalier Götz of Berlichingen, a Nativity, and an Interment of Christ. In a smaller room is a portrait of Durer by himself and another of Wohlgemuth his instructor, by

sources than Mr. Wilkins. The latter gentleman will scarcely venture to say that his employers prevented him from making that provision which was necessary for the accommodation of such pictures as Raphael's Cartoons and Paul Veronese's Virgin and Christ receiving Adoration from John the Baptist. Surely when building a gallery that was to be a permanent repository of the property of a great nation, he might have contrived to make his walls more than twenty-two feet high. Why, the Munich walls are ten feet higher than ours, and the pictures for which they are required are not nearly so large as many which the English nation may justly expect to see in our gallery. Whether our honest old king did really say or not that “it was a poking little hole,” we know not; but assuredly there would have been much truth in the observation. Mr. Wilkins, ere he contemplates another folly in the way of a picture gallery, had better visit Munich and see the real galleries, and not again speak before the nation his crude ideas drawn from looking at the imperfect designs.

whom there are four pictures whose colours are almost as brilliant as painted glass:—they are the Agony in the Garden, the Crucifixion, the Descent from the Cross, and the Resurrection. Of the works of Durer's successors in this school, we may notice as specially worthy of attention two Scripture pieces by Schäußle, a St. John of Patmos by Burgmayer, four splendid pictures illustrative of the Life of the Virgin by Martin Schaffner, several studies of Saints and some Scripture compositions by the elder Holbein, and a Nativity by Van-Eyk. In the smaller apartments there are, among others, an Adoration of the Magi by Van-Eyk, a Death of Mary by Schorell, and a panel of Saints by Lucas of Leyden. In no other department of the Pinacotheca and certainly in no other collection that we have seen in Europe is there to be found that almost poetic harmony which subsists between all the parts constituting this division of the gallery. In the second saloon one may find several pictures of the old German school,—a Lucretia by Durer and another by Kranach, some portraits by the younger Holbein and the Money-changer of Messys; but the far greater number are by German artists of later date,—Rottenhammer, Lott, Roos, Mengs, Graff, and Kauffmann.

The third saloon,—the first of the FLEMISH school,—is filled with the chefs d'œuvre of Vandyck, Snyers, Pool, Vanderhelst, Champagne, &c.; and in one of its smaller rooms are to be seen some beautiful specimens of Rembrandt, some landscapes by Ruysdäl and Wanloo, and some animal paintings by Weenix and Wouvermans. The fourth saloon, however, is unquestionably the most attractive and the finest of the whole gallery:—it is entirely devoted to the works of RUBENS. The ninety pictures that hang on its walls may all be justly termed chefs d'œuvre of that extraordinary artist, who has never had a match in all that concerns freedom and roundness in drawing and a luxurious and highly ornamental style of colouring; and their effect is skilfully heightened by the substitution of a crimson silk ground for the green silk ground which covers the other walls of the gallery. Whether or not in this particular instance the adventitious aid thus called in has been judiciously used, we are not quite positive; but it is very certain, that continental connoisseurs understand the art of setting off their pictures and arranging them in company much better than the English. We should recommend Mr. Segnier and the hanging committee of the academy to visit not only the Pinacotheca but the Glyptotheca:—they may, perchance, pick up a few valuable hints. To return,—the most conspicuous stations are given to the Last Judgment, a Nativity, a Descent of the Holy Spirit, an Assumption of the Virgin, a Rape of the Sabines, a Battle of the Horatii and Curiatii, a Samson and Delilah, and a Battle of the Amazons. All these pictures are beautiful specimens of Rubens's characteristic genius; but the two latter are exquisite and equally inimitable for composition, drawing, and colouring. The Lion Hunt, the Bear Hunt, and the Massacre of the Innocents, all of which are full of energy and life and are highly dramatical, are surrounded by elegant groups of flower-bearing children and angels, and by some admirable portraits of Rubens and his wives. We could linger over this precious collection of Rubens', perhaps the finest in Europe.

But we aspire not to be critics. We are content to be humble narrators; and so we must e'en hasten onwards. The fifth saloon forms with the third a brilliant retinue, as it were, in attendance on the majestic Rubens. Noble portraits by Vandyck and Rembrandt, animal pieces by Snyers and Weenix, studies of light and shadow by Hoethorst, and landscapes by Everdingen, form its chief contents, which are not a little set off by the great Madonna of Gaspard Crayer and the Great Fair of Teniers. In the rooms adjoining are small pictures of interiors and of homely scenery by Teniers, Ostade, Brower, Gerard Dow, Miéris, and Wanderwerff,—some paintings of inanimate nature by Flemish artists, some Rusdäl landscapes, and animal pieces of Berghem. Before we leave these rooms, we ought to say in common justice, that the Pinacotheca contains not only the most numerous, but one of the finest collections of Flemish pictures that are to be found in Europe.

The FRENCH and SPANISH schools occupy the sixth saloon and its apartments. Here we have Murillo's Beggar Boys in all their varieties painted with a truth and winning simplicity scarcely equalled by the pictures of the same artist in Marshal Soult's collection:—and then we have the never-to-be-mistaken portraits of Velasquez, who with all his splendid talent is too *maniéré* to please a person of refined taste,—the inimitable landscapes of Claude Lorraine,—the marine pieces of Vernet, and the pictures of Spagnoletto, Lebrun, Lesueur, and Poussin. This department, however, may be enlarged with advantage.

The seventh saloon is the first of the ITALIAN school, and it contains the works of the latest masters of the Venetian, Bolognese, and Florentine schools. Here is a fine Madonna by Pontormo, there is a Holy Family by Vasari:—on one side is the history of Hercules by Dominichino, and on another a Magdalen of Tintoretto and a Crowning with Thorns by Guercino,—while in other parts we confront Tiarini's Tancredi in the Enchanted Wood, Canaletto's View of Munich, and several works of Titian and Carlo Dolci. In the eighth saloon are to be noticed more particularly Guido's Assumption of the Virgin—according to many the finest picture in the gallery—Dominichino's Susannah, Titian's portrait of himself and another of Charles V., and several portraits by Paul Veronese: but the ninth saloon, entirely filled with pictures presented by the munificence of the present king Louis Charles, is the true repository and sanctuary of Italian art. The Holy Family of Raffaele (which we believe was purchased in England), the St. John and the Infant Saviour are especially remarkable as splendid monuments of this painter's genius, and they remind one involuntarily of the grandest works that were ever achieved either by him or by his master Pietro Perugino,—of whose works also there is here a fair sprinkling, all others being thrown into the shade by the brilliant talent displayed in his Appearance of the Virgin to St. Bernard—undoubtedly one of the most valuable treasures of the Bavarian gallery. The Madonna of Innocent de Imola and another of Corregio are totally inappreciable pictures and unique specimens of composition. The old Italian school is very sufficiently represented by Fra Filippo, Filippino, Ghirlandajo, Zingaro, and others:—but Raffaele's Holy Family, Giorgione's portrait of himself, the Holy Families of

Andrea del Sarto, and the Monna Lisa of Leonardo da Vinci, are unquestionably the chefs d'œuvre of this section of the Pinacotheca. In the smaller apartments the visitor will find many other beautiful works of the Italian masters,—among which may be noticed more particularly Raffaello's Madonna playing with the Infant Saviour (which was formerly in the Palazzo Tempi at Florence), and six other works of the same artist, some sketches from Andrea del Sarto's celebrated Fresco called the Madonna del Sacco, so much admired by Michael Angelo and Titian, a Virgin and Christ by Fra Filippo, and several compositions by Fiesole. We must not forget to mention that one of the apartments branching out of the last saloon contains some valuable specimens of the older schools of Florence and Sienna, from which, if we were to select any as the chef d'œuvre, it would be Taddeo Bartoli's unfinished Assumption.

Such, gentle reader, is a very brief sketch—somewhat *à la Mrs. Starke*—of the contents of the great Munich gallery. It would have been very easy to extend this notice by assuming the higher ground of professional criticism; but we have refrained, because our object in making the above remarks has not been to *satisfy* the idle curiosity of stay-at-home readers, but rather to *stimulate* the desires of those more active artists and connoisseurs with whom the certainty of the existence of such treasures is quite a sufficient inducement to send them forth on a pilgrimage to the land of promise. The season for our continental migration has now arrived; and it is to be hoped, that, among the thousands who leave our shores, many will be found who will visit the Pinacotheca of Munich,—a city which seems destined to become the focus of art in Germany. The gallery and its adjoining painting rooms are undoubtedly very potent instruments in accelerating the progress of the Fine Arts; and we must never forget that Munich can boast of a Cornelius, a Schnorr, and a Hess,—men fully competent to raise around them a body of artists that may one day rival the English school, which now proudly claims for itself the most exalted station in Europe. And here we cannot avoid expressing some little surprise, that, among the many pictures of the English school that are entitled to a continental fame, scarcely any should be seen in the galleries of Germany. In the Munich gallery we do not recollect to have seen one. That Reynolds, Gainsborough, Morland, Fuseli, Lawrence, and Wilkie, have done very much to advance art in modern times cannot be denied; and it surely cannot be long, ere their finest performances will find their way into the most select depositories of classical art. At any rate, the English school has the start in the race; and it is to be hoped, that academic restrictions will not shackle the exertions of our native artists in seeking what should be the object of their ambition,—not merely an *English*, but an *European* reputation.

THE BARON COURT OF LITTLE BROUGHT-IN.

CHAP. II.—FAMOUS PROJECT FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE HUMAN RACE.

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 “ Sic itur ad astra.”
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THE members of the Baron Court are the most generous and self-denying creatures that the world ever saw ; and there is not a thing which they will not do, or leave undone, for THE PUBLIC GOOD. Business, family matters, and all sorts of personal occupations, observances, and enjoyments are forgotten, and the Luds Spoutfire even say their prayers by proxy, so that they may be punctual in their attendance in the court for the public good. This “ public good ” is a most universal sort of thing, and has a side toward any project or opinion that may be started in the court or out of it. In fact, it beats the famous old dial at the castle of Glammiss, which either was or was not invented by Macbeth, and which (when the sun is in a shining humour) shows the hours of the 365 days of the year by the shadows of 365 stiles upon the same number of faces. This, it may be supposed, is proof upon proof, beyond all parallel, as to how the world wags ; but really, such is not the case, for, in heaping proof upon proof, and saying the same thing over and over again, the members of the Baron Court beat the Glammiss dial hollow. There is indeed one little matter, in which the dial appears to have some advantage : it has a very large colony of honey-bees in its inside, whereas it is said that the few bees which are found in and about the Baron Court are, in reality, nothing but drones. We do not, however, vouch for the truth of this ; for, if not a law, it is a practice of this wicked world, that the great shall always be greatly slandered, upon the principle, or the practice rather, that those who cannot mount up themselves are constantly trying to pull others down.

The devotion of the members to this public good is at once the most exemplary and the most extraordinary that ever possessed any portion of the human race ; for, in order to promote that, they care not what trouble they take, or in how ridiculous lights they place themselves. Often you will hear one of them deliver a good set speech of two or three hours, all for the public good, to show that black is white ; and when he gets out of breath, up bolts another, and in an equally good set speech, occupies the same length of time in endeavouring to show that white is black ;—and, after you have listened to them and a dozen more *pro* and *con*, you are quite bewildered, and forced to leave the court with your old impression that “ black is black, and white is white,” the same as if nobody had said one word upon the subject.

JUNE, 1837.

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Their most disinterested devotion to the public good carries them to even much greater lengths than this. There is generally no greater sacrifice that a very wise man can make than speaking nonsense ; and so devoted are they to their darling object that not one of them cares a single straw how much or how great nonsense he shall speak, provided it is spoken, as all their speeches are sure to be spoken, for the public good. Nay, so thoroughly devoted are they to this object, that in saying they promote it, they do not care though they make themselves appear the greatest fools upon earth. But though they take these great liberties with their own understandings, they would be very much offended if any body else were to take the same liberty with them ; and we confess that to do so would be very wicked, because men who devote themselves, skin and bone, to the public good, ought to be allowed to do it in any way that they themselves think best ; and if it be for the public good that black should be white and white black at some times, there is really no reason why it should not be generally admitted to be so.

All, in fact, that the members of either chamber say or do, is always avowedly said or done for the public good, or for the advancement or the promotion of it. But this same public good must be a most stubborn and wayward thing ; for, though they have been, time out of mind, labouring to *advance* it, it is always in exactly the same place where it was at the first. Then as to its promotion, though often spoken about, it somehow or other never takes place ; for, whoever may happen to be in office, the public good never has the slightest chance of a government situation ; and as for making it a bishop, or even a dean, the thing is altogether out of the question ; for the public good never matriculated or even ate its terms at Oxford or Cambridge, and thus it is not at all qualified to take orders.

Notwithstanding that the public good seems thus to be in itself a perfect fixture, which all their labour can neither advance nor promote, yet that does not make them slacken a bit from working at it. They are always ready to listen to any story which any body may tell them, whether it be true or false ; and hardly a thing can be done in any one part of the three manors without their having "a great deal to say" about it. Then they claim a privilege of understanding every thing better than any body else ; and so they will always have it done *their* way. If it is but laying a plank across the gutter, or making a wheelbarrow road between the potatoe-house and the pig-stye, they will be as much in earnest, and talk as wisely about it, as if they were settling the affairs of the nation. Of late years they have taken the notion of encouraging the making of great gaps and gashes in the earth, no matter at how much expense, or who bears it, so that the gashes are big and ugly enough, and the rules of the Baron Court are duly observed,—the gist of which rules is, that as much money shall be paid down as shall enable the hangers-on about the court to get their fees for *persuading* the court to do what is wished to be done ; and when the fees are once paid, the parties may do any thing they like in the matter, or nothing at all, if they like that better. There never were so many fees paid,

and so little done, as in the case of these gaps and gashes in the earth. And what d'ye think was the avowed purpose of all this? Why that saucepans, and haystacks, and deal-boards, and bags of nails, should be kept flying about all over the country, like swifts on their migration,—or, as some say, that smoking engines might be driven through all the gardens and pleasure-grounds of the country, to the utter destruction of caterpillars and *American blight*—the last of which has fallen terribly upon some parts of the country in this same year 1837. There has, as yet, been but little done in the actual infliction of these gashes upon the earth, for the projectors, or rather their dupes, have, in most cases, run themselves fairly to the “cheek door,” as they say in the north, by the paying of the fees, which is always seen after by the Court itself, and so there can be no mistake there. But the folks have got the Court's permission, and so they *may* set about the work whenever they are *able*. Thus, in time coming, somebody's grandchildren may live to see all the three manors seamed over with scars and gashes, just as if the Baron Court had ordered them all to be flogged with a *cat o'nine tails*. Then, in some time after this, when it is found that making saucepans and haystacks fly about the rate of a hundred miles an hour brings grist to nobody's mill, and new hooks have been baited for the court-fees, we shall have such sights of antiquarians all over the country, every one of them a genuine A S S, all occupied with spades and spectacles, proving to their own satisfaction, that the folks of our day have been fighting all over the country like d—ls, and delving ditches and casting up ramparts from one end of it to the other. And, there will be oceans of books written, with such beautiful and appropriate illustrations; and an Irish labourer's galligaskins, which in the course of nature, healed off, and a bricklayer's old apron, lost in the rubbish at the breaking down of a culvert, will be accurately displayed and beautifully illuminated, as being respectively the standards, under which the Muttons and the Porks carried on their civil wars ten times more furiously and more uncivilly than the Houses of York and Lancaster. It will thus be a delightful thing to live hereafter; and if a man could so negotiate matters as to effect an exchange with even an old woman of the thousandth generation of his own posterity, he would have a great chance of knowing something before he died a second time.

The means to which the members of the court have recourse in order to understand every matter better than anybody else are most extraordinary, but most wise and most successful. Every one knows, that when a man wishes to write a legible letter he always chooses paper on which there is no former writing, and when a book or a newspaper is printed, it is never done over the face of an old one, though in the case of most newspapers the readers would be very little balked in knowledge, though the same identical piece of paper were printed weekly or daily all the year round, while the country might be saved from the infection of continental diseases introduced by the importation of continental rags.

The members of the court are careful to follow exactly the same plan as is followed in the case of the letter, they make a perfect *tabula*

rasa of the subject, by effacing all former knowledge before they begin to work upon it. It often happens that they get hold of a subject which does not need the labour of this preparation, inasmuch as not one of them knows a single word about it, and then they are all in glee and glory and sure to cut a capital figure. After they have purged themselves of all former knowledge of the matter, by nearly the same kind of purgation which clears them of bribery and corruption, the next grand step in their proceeding is to destroy the knowledge that anybody else may have of it. One cannot help being struck with perfect admiration at those preliminary clearances; because they make sure that the subject shall come fairly before the court and the country, without any prejudice arising from former views right or wrong; and there cannot be a more commendable way of doing business than coming to the study of any matter with minds altogether unwarped by prejudice.

The manner of bringing a matter before the court is usually what is called by "Resolution,"—which means that they have already resolved in their own minds either to adopt the said matter and make it their own affair, or to turn it out of doors without ceremony. There is evidently nothing wrong in this; for they have already cleared themselves of all possible knowledge of the subject; and it ought to be held to be good both in law and equity, that they who are in utter ignorance can never be wrong, seeing that wrong is nothing but a departure from the right, and they who have no knowledge can have no right to depart from. The real resolution of the court does not generally come out on the first blush of any business, because that may be thought a want of courtesy; but some member reads a paper stating that such and such a matter is to be brought forward, but stating it without argument; and generally speaking the members present say "aye" to his proposal, and pack him off to see if he can find out some sharp-nosed lawyer who may help him to a glimmering of the words that he is to bring before them. The lawyer takes down from his shelves a great and greasy vocabulary of adverbs and other expletives, and makes a mess of slices of this and of the common dictionary of the language, just as one would do in making a sea-pie, or a firkin of sour krout, but more like the latter—because there is a great deal of cabbage in it.

This being done, and the lawyer being satisfied, and having replaced his vocabulary on the shelf, the member trudges off to the house with the same strut of importance as a goose does when enceinte of a mature egg; and if he happens to belong to a flock of the genus, if you were in the house, you would hear them cackling in joyful concert upon the occasion: and if there happens to be an adverse flock in the house, they cackle too.

Now comes the first blush of the real resolution of the court. Up rises the member, and delivers himself of his something, with many sweet words of gloss and cozenage as to how useful and important it would be. There are no limits to the hyperbole and exaggeration, which is not only admissible but customary upon such occasions; and though there is hardly as much substance in the matter as would serve for a fiddle-stick, you may hear the introducer of it boasting

that it would mainmast the whole Nary for a hundred years. This is what is called freedom of speech; and it is a capital way of going to work, for, if a man only draw a circle wide enough, that which he wants is sure to be somewhere within it, whether he may happen to find it out or not. The finding in short is the proper business of the court, and the rule with them is to find every thing that they do like and nothing which they dislike, and this, were it not too precious for being suffered to be used out of the court, would be an excellent rule for all mankind.

Well, the introducer of the something goes on and on, exactly like a child with a basin of soap-suds and a broken tobacco-pipe blowing bubbles; and if the house, from all sides and ends, cry "hear! hear!" then he is quite cock-a-hoop; and after somebody has thanked him for his wisdom, his something is read by the clerk in order to be printed, in order that the members may take it home in their pockets and consult their wives and sweethearts, whether there is enough of conglomeration in it. If these say "aye," then it walks the course with no opposition, and in fact is the law of the land from the instant the matrons and maids give their deliverance on it.

But the course of things does not always run thus smooth: sometimes the court "hears" only on one side, and sometimes it is quite deaf and does not "hear" at all; in both of which cases, a something must be done for the something, before it has even a chance of becoming a something, and so, as the slang phrase says, they "go at it." One gets up and says, that what is proposed is "all stuff and nonsense;" and in order to make good his point, he brings forward all the stuff and nonsense that he can lay his tongue to, in order that the court may have a standard of stuff and nonsense, whereby to test the something before them. In the course of this, if they keep "hear hearing" from all sides of the house, the introducer droops his ears like a pet rabbit, and looks vastly woe begone; if they "hear" on one side only, he fidgets, and casts about his eyes to try and find out whether the hearing ear or the deaf ear is the bigger one, and he is a good deal saddened or sprighted-up accordingly; and if the members don't "hear" at all, then he feels sure that his egg will not be addled.

Upon this, up bolts another member of the court, and says that what has been advanced in opposition to the matter, is greater stuff and greater nonsense than that matter itself, which he establishes by bringing forward a still higher standard of stuff and nonsense.

Upon this they join issue, and a whole posse of the two contending parties are upon their legs at once, until some one "catches the eye" of the chairman, or rather till the chairman's eye catches the face of somebody he likes, and so he nods to that one, which means that he is to bestow all his tediousness upon them and then be as quiet as possible. He goes on; after him a second, after the second a third, and so on; and the standard of stuff and nonsense rises in a geometrical ratio until the court are at last worked into the conviction, if such working be required, that stuff and nonsense are the noblest ornaments of human nature.

"Then," the fastidious reader may say, "they have driven their pigs to a pretty fair." But fair and softly, my good Cynic, and before

you tax the wisdom of the Baron Court, answer me this question : "How could it be possible for an assembly of men, in the exercise of their ordinary senses, to come to a decision upon a matter of which not one of them understands a single word?" The fact is, that this stirring of the waters, or raising of the wind, or whatever other name it may be called by, is administered to the court with the same intention and effect as opium used to be administered to the troops of the Grand Seigneur when they had no stomach for fighting.

Next comes the grand up-shot, for which they have worked themselves into this state of excitement, by enacting what is called "dividing the house;" but they take heed to the warning, and so take especial care never to divide it "against itself." This operation called dividing the house is, upon such an occasion as that alluded to, a strange matter in reality; and it would puzzle all the anatomists of the world, whether human or comparative, to find out how they can possibly do it. They themselves keep it a profound secret, and are especially careful to turn all the lounging idlers out of the house before they set about it, so that nobody can tell how it is done, except the members of the court—and they won't.

To know what is done is something, however, without the knowledge of how it is done; and it is established beyond the possibility of doubt that they PUT THEIR EYES OUT OF THE COURT AND KEEP THEIR NOSE IN. This may be depended upon as being the literal fact; but how it can be physically done is a perfect wonder, as any man can readily convince himself by trying to put his eyes out of a common room and keep his nose in. The reason of doing this is rather more easily comprehended, though there is something puzzling even in it. It has been mentioned that the court are still in perfect ignorance of the matter at issue, and this seems to be the reason why the eyes are put out when the court is deciding whether they will entertain the measure or not. The measure itself is not put out along with the *eyes*, but left on the table in the middle of the floor; and the *nose* appears to be kept in along with it, in order that, while the eyes are out and so cannot embarrass it, it must find out whether there is any offensive odour about the matter; and thus every thing new may be said to be brought into the court upon a *scent*.

It often happens that, at this first stage of the "bill," as they call it after it has been read in the house, what is called "*the debate*" upon it is taken, though that is not the usual practice; and then they are sometimes not able to mystify it sufficiently at one sitting, or even at two sittings; and, when this happens, there are a vast number of words spilt like dishwater, in the court—and out of it, to no purpose whatever; so that it would be a great deal better if they would divide the house immediately upon the reading, which would let them feel the pulse of the house, and then the losing party might have a right to claim a debate, if he thought he could take any thing by it; but the whole are so very eager to make speeches, that they never mind an unnecessary waste of time and delay of the public business.

It has often been a matter of speculative wonder; why a set of men, who seldom say a word from which any ordinary person can glean even the slightest information, and who often make terrible fools of

themselves into the bargain, should persist so doggedly in this mania of speechcraft. Many think, and there seems at least some reason in the thought, that the love of reading their own speeches in the newspapers has a great deal to do with it; and it is very likely to be the case, because men of limited intellects are always remarkably fond of seeing themselves in print, in the hope no doubt that they have a chance of monumental glory in that way of which they have no chance by any other means; nor is there any doubt that often before now a member of the court has obtained a sort of second-hand celebrity, in consequence of his speech being printed in the next column of the newspaper to that containing an account of the trial, the confession, or the execution of an atrocious murderer; and that men should borrow and lend renown in this way, is quite fair.

Some members of the court are indeed so much indebted to the newspapers, that they would be absolutely nothing without them, and it is creditable to themselves, and honourable to human nature, to find that they are grateful for this. The paper not only patches and mends their cacology, but bestows upon them a "commodity of good names," which they could find nowhere else, and such is the power of a newspaper in this way, that it can make a man fit for a peer who had but a very short time before, and certes even then, been fit only for a pillory, as could be proved by the example of certain persons now living, though this is a very uncertain way of getting at the evidence.

If the nose smells nothing offensive when the eyes are out, then the thing is printed, in order that it may be circulated among the members of the court, who examine it to discover if there is any daylight in it, and if they find a glimmering any where, they make a \times in the margin, which means "plug up this here crevice;" and when they have made it all proof against the light, so that nobody can understand one word of it, down they come with it to the house, and if the debate has not been previously taken, there is such ado and rampaging about it, that the eels in the river are roused from their beds in perfect consternation. Upon occasions of this kind, when they come to divide the court, they follow exactly the converse method to that which they follow in such cases as that formerly mentioned. They do not now put out their eyes, but keep them wide awake within the court, to keep a sharp look-out, lest the rats should get their pincers on the bill; but at the same time they poke out their nose, to ascertain if the folks out of doors smell sweetly about the matter. Thus it will be seen, that in the Baron Court the decision of matters always depends upon the nose, the eyes being carried away by the mere glare of colours, and quite new-fangled about every strange matter, and generally the more so the more useless it is, upon the charitable principle that people who will take a child under their protection, prefer an orphan, however deformed or worthless it may be in itself, and really give the preference to the brat of a vagabond who has been hanged, to that of the child of an honest man who, in bad times, has struggled hard to maintain ten upon five shillings a week. It is written that the joy in heaven is at the repentance of sinners rather than at the

sturdy maintenance of virtue, and really the great joy upon earth, and in the Baron Court among other places, seems to be that there are some sinners who will not repent, and that thus, however bad a member of the court may be, he has always the consolation of being able to refer to some other one, who, in public opinion at least, may be considered still worse.

It is proper to mention farther, that the proceedings usually admit of divisions into "the orders of the day," and "the disorders of the night." The first are in general made short work of, as they form the business part, or the only useful part; while the second are chiefly devoted to personal displays and party squabbles. But, even on the former, a member will take occasion to give himself a hitch in the way of popularity. For instance,—

An honourable member, MR. DUNDER-HEAD DEEDSMAN, had gotten rather into bad odour, not only with all parties in the court, but with nearly every body out of it; and so he cast about to find some grand project for saving his bacon in the case of an election. He was making his escape one day through one of the wickets that led from court to court of a house of notoriously bad fame, called "the temple," where he had been prowling about in order to find grounds for laying an information, out of spite, as some say, that the old landladies would not allow him to have access at unseasonable hours. Be that as it may, in peeping about, as he was slipping out of the wicket he hit the iron bar which parts it in the middle a terrible bang with his sconce, till both rang again. But brass against iron for ever for musical purposes; and the head proved by far the most sonorous of the two.

The instant that he struck his head against the iron bar, an idea struck him. He knew that it was an idea, from the very unusual sensation attending it; and so he chuckled as much as some vain men do when they find a title, and resolved to leave the old ladies this time, and work upon the idea. So he posted off to the court, and, catching "the eye," rose to give notice of a motion the object of which, as he said, was to effect "A FAMOUS IMPROVEMENT OF THE HUMAN RACE." (Hear, hear.) Finding that they would hear him, he would just make one or two observations. It was well known that his whole life had been devoted to the charitable labour of clothing the naked and feeding the hungry (hear, hear). He had done so, he could assure the house, morning and evening, ever since he could recollect, and he would tell the house that it was the first duty of every man, more especially of every member of that honourable house, to do so (loud cheers). He would not detain the house; he would not boast of the success which had attended his *self-devotion* (ironical cheers from the Porks, answered by loud cheers from the cross benches). He did not care for that cheer, for he would maintain that it is the duty of every man to make sure of his *own cheer*, and that it should be *good cheer* (cheers and laughter). He would not now occupy the time of the court; but in order that honourable members might not be wholly unprepared, he would mention that it was as notorious as the moon at midnight (the full moon said some one across the table).—The honourable gentleman

said the full moon, but he (Mr. D.) was prepared to show that the moon is the moon, whether full or not (hear, hear). The subject of his motion would be this: "Some persons have more means than ways, and some have more ways than means, and it is highly desirable that there should be an *equitable adjustment*" (oh! oh! from various parts of the house). The honourable member gave notice for next Thursday se'nnight—Adjourned.

THE GHOST OF SWIFT.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

"How oft would Sorrow weep
Her weariness to death, if he might come like sleep!"

THERE is a sorrow girt with care
That knows no interval from pain;
Whose wasting pangs, rein'd in by fear,
In ghastly forms torment the brain.

Hours often pass, when childhoods days
Their soothing power no longer give;
When the heart, robbed of its brightest rays,
Would sooner die—than joyless live.

Yet there are times—calm intervals at even
When hope's Aurora glistens from afar,
Like fairy cloud, or butterfly in heaven—
Or transient blaze of meteor-star.

Too beautiful to last, it hurries on
Ere we can its radiance wear;
And with it flies the spring-dream throne
In youth we priz'd so dear.

Does radiant hope thus ever lead
The heart to phantom bliss,
And with fresh disappointments bleed
The wounds of bitterness?

Ah, no! Hope frowns not in the sky
'Yond this our mortal sphere;
Where death hath lost her agony,
And heavenly things appear.

Such earthly sorrows may be meant
To win our hearts on high;
Blessings, perchance, in mercy sent,
Our constancy to try.

E. W. G.

THE LITTLE-GO ;

AN OXFORD STORY,--FOUNDED ON FACTS.

"Miser ! O miser ! aiunt, omnia ademit
Una dies infesta tibi tot præmia vitæ."

LUCRET.

"Your name stands first on to-morrow's list," said D'Aubeny, as with one application of his foot he burst wide open the ill-sported oak of the rooms No. 5, second pair, right-hand, inner quadrangle, of — college.

Silently and alone, with not a book, though many were on the table before him, on the leaves of which the dust of not a few days had settled, nor, seemingly, one single object wherewith a solitary could occupy his thoughts, but abstractedly, and in "himself involved," sat he to whom the salutation was addressed.

"Why, Ned ! What the devil ails you ?" rattled out the light-hearted intruder, as his eye now settled down on the surface of the one-tapered table—now wandered over the countenance of his motionless friend.

"Alone in your rooms on the eve of a pluck ! Not reading a line, and your oak sported against all comers, friends and foes, who may kick their toes flat on the relentless panels for aught of commiseration to be found in your unsympathizing soul—your candle cauterised down to the very rim ; the wick pendent as the plume on 'Perseus's helmet,' as our worthy Bursar would have it ; the tallow trailing into as many streams as the Nile has mouths ; and thyself, 'horribile vultus aspectu,' staring thine eyes from their sockets to count the banners of soot as they wave from the chill bars of thy comfortless grate—"

"I do not know what right you have to interrupt a man in spite of his precaution."

"Precaution !" grinned D'Aubeny.

"Yes. You broke through my oak which my scout had sported at my most particular desire. The laws of necessity, Sir, require that our hours for study be not open to the intrusion of every numskull ; and the rules of courtesy demand that they be complied with."

"Humbug !" retorted D'Aubeny, good-humouredly,— "Mere farce !"

"You are fresh, D'Aubeny," replied M——, suppressing the rising bile, "and we have been long taught to look upon freshmen as monkeys that make themselves license to play tricks."

"Jaw as you will," muttered D——, as he flung himself *sans ceremonie* into the easy reading-chair, at the same time drawing it close up to the fire-place, "I know you of old ; you are in one of your moods again. But, come. Where's your kettle ? On with her. Reach me the bellows, and now for some coffee—you grind whilst I blow—'semper ardente camino,' as we had it at Juvenal this

morning; which, being interpreted, signifieth your fire's always a-light—a most Samaritanish propensity, and right opportune for the brewing of negus on a November night. Botheration. I say,—Baugh! Puff!—puff! What visitations of smoke do come down this old chimney of yours; and hark how the wind rattles about our heads—and under our feet too. Why, your carpet's alive, man! See how it dances all along the door-sill! D—n it, M—, you can't live the term through in these old crazy-roofed, creak-boarded rooms. The walls are no better than cane battledores to keep old Boreas out."

"You said something," interrupted M—, who had by this time subsided into the tolerating indifference of manner so natural to one accustomed to the pertinacious presence of a good-tempered bore, "something about the Little-go lists of to-morrow."

"You 're first," repeated D'Aubeny.

M—'s lip quivered an instant, and his cheeks grew still paler, if possible, than before. He regained his self-possession with an effort. —"Is the coffee ready?"

"No; for your faggots are wet, and the bellows, shot through and through with yesterday's practice, will not give a breath of wind. That was a splendid hit of mine—right through the air-hole in the centre, and clean out at t'other side," said D—, eyeing the mutilated machine with unequivocal satisfaction. "What will you bet I don't stop the muzzle with a ball—once out of three? Will you bet? Here, here are the pistols. Cleaned too, by G—, since last we used them!"

"Hold! hold!" cried M—, at the same time seizing D.'s arm, and snatching with the other hand the weapons from his grasp, "They are loaded!" M.'s frame was trembling all over; his hands shook with excitement, and their palsied tremor communicated the convulsion to the electrified nerves of his startled friend.

"What in the name of the Eumenides are you quaking at, all of a start? Why, what in the devil's name makes you funk a pistol so?"

"'Tis you who are nervous," replied M—, after a pause relaxing his grasp, and ill endeavouring to conceal in an unnatural laugh the perturbation under which he laboured.

"My haste to prevent mischief alarmed you. Do you not see they are loaded and cocked?" and his voice faltered, and the weapons vibrated in his hand as he held them close to the lighted candle for inspection.

D'Aubeny indulged in immoderate exclamations of merriment at his friend's expense, and at length fell into a truly hysterical fit of laughter, bellowing out in the intervals—"loaded and cocked!" He threw himself on the ground, the better to indulge in the transport of fun which poor M.'s panic at a loaded pistol had afforded him; and at last, unable to contain his risibility, or compose his thoughts, that would ever, in spite of his prevention, recur to the attitude and terrified demeanour of the alarmist M—, with his fists thrust into his shaking ribs, he fairly laughed himself out of the room, down the staircase, across the quadrangle, and must have lost not the thread of his ideas the livelong night, since his scout affirmed he woke him the next morning with a lurking chuckle upon his countenance.

"First on to-morrow's paper," muttered M—— between his teeth, ere the last echoes of the irrestrainable mirth-loving, mad-spirited D'Aubeny had died away on the last flight. "So, the hour of execution is at length arrived, and the culprit about to be dragged forth to suffer. Shall I endure it—this agony of presentiment—this accumulation of suspense, which, like the snow on the isolated peak, has been growing and increasing day by day, till its weight is found sufficient to drag it down toppling over all—crushing, devastating, slaughtering? I have dwelt—God, that knowest thou!—dwelt upon the dread of this iniquitous ordeal till its terrors have become magnified upon my disturbed brain, and finally extinguished what remained of the little energy I had mustered to undergo this hell of the soul's purgatory, this burning fiery furnace. Can I help the lot that hath fallen to my nature? Can I blunt the too sensitive, the almost woman-like soul with which my mother bare me? I have tried; but have I succeeded? Ye can surely testify to that, ye cold drops that bulge out upon this fevered brow; and what is it doth make my limbs so to tremble and my heart to quake? Want of confidence in my own powers? No; for I feel that I am equal, perhaps more than equal, in intellect, and in application superior, to many I could name. Put me to the proof. That proof shall be honourable competition in what you will; and with the world for my judge, and public opinion for my verdict, I shall not flinch from the essay. But, delegate the power of pronouncing sentence, the fiat of doom which shall bless or ruin, blast or save, to a few from out the many; let them give the standard, let them make the law, and let them apply these according to the dicta of their own caprice, their ignorance, their insufficiency, and then behold the result! Is there justice in these things? Is it rational that man, 'the puppet of the thousand thousand wires', should, like the rude ore from out the obscure mine, be scorched and burned in the combustion of an assaying furnace, and the mineral of his spirit be severed by main force from the dross of his body on which it depends, by the process of a destructive mordacious menstruum? What, if my sense of shame be more acute than that of other men? What, if the iron hand of dishonour gripe with a more deadly, a more corroding gripe upon this fragile and attenuated frame? Should I not in justice, in right, in natural right, be the one of all others qualified to plead exemption from the trial that must, yes, must expose me to the attack, the conflict, the overthrow, and the disgrace? I have not nerve; I know it; feel it! I lack it at this very moment, and to-morrow! where shall I seek it *then*? Have I worn my substance away, impaired the little strength in this weakly body (weakly from the cradle upwards), in the gnawing, yearning, deathless, undiminishing endeavour towards the light from that lamp whose flame waxeth never dim, whose wick consumeth not away? For this, for this have I not 'outwatched the Bear,' and night after night unsphered the solemn spirit of Plato and the mystic worlds as each rolled by in the outspread pageant of harmonious triumph, *velut unda impellitur unda*—for this have I not drunk thrice deep of the immortal well-spring at the inexhaustible fount of philosophy, and trod the then first trodden tracks of nature in her wildest, her most solitary, inaccessible

oracular domain? For this have I not imbibed the spirit of eternal beauty, and given form and substance to her being—infused into her ideal attributes the breath of a living soul, and shadowed out her lineaments against the light of the vertical heavens that all might look and return to look, and rejoice them in the contemplation that

“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever?”

And, finally, is this the opening scene in the brief drama I am destined to play upon this mortal stage? To tremble and quake before the frown of a burly swine in academical vestments, whose calling it is to set springes for the unwary and the unweeting? To approach with awe and trembling the chariot wheels of these Juggernauts of wisdom? To be singled out by their unrelenting eye as the most proper object to crush beneath the pulverising tire of their inflexible dogmas?

“I see them before me now! There sit the two! The judges in their own proper hell—insolent in the conceit of power! The savage exultation of their voice as they propound for immediate solution the problem that hath taken them hours to understand,—the tone,—the triumphant malice of the query, still ring in my ears! Look! See you yon boy? His face is wan with thought; his strength enfeebled with much study; his mind hath been battling it out with his body, and the fight hath been study against strength. You see how sharp was the contest—you may foresee how short will be the victory! He hath won it, truly. Mind has come off victor; yet how long, think you, will he live to enjoy it? Perhaps a little year. Hark! the cough wears him already. The narrow contracted chest gasps continually for relief. His eye is sunken dim—so dim he can scarce decypher the print. Midnight robbed him of his sight. He watched whilst others slept. Think ye the fear of this one as he betrays its operation upon his fragile frame proceedeth from conscious insufficiency? No; his spirit is strong—’tis his flesh is weak. Why do not the questioners becalm his perturbation? Why do they not sympathize with his situation? Why do they not pity his infirmities rather than despise the poor victim? Why?—for that they are not philosophers, but fools; for that they are not good, but evil; for that they have power, and are tyrants; for that they are devils, and will torment; and, to-morrow! to-morrow his fate may be mine! The same hell, and the same demons to preside in it—their victim the only thing changed! And shall my chance be a better one? It shall! It shall! Away then with this fever, this burning fiery fear—this awful dread of disgrace! I will steel my nerves—and yet shall the foul breath of dishonour blow upon me as the idle wind, which I regard not? Shall it scathe me, scorch me, and I not show the brand? I, whose brow was wont to be an open book wherein all might read? Never! By the living God—never!”

And as he said this he hurried out into the still, lonely, deserted cloister; there, pacing with unequal step, he went muttering to the vacant moon as she peered up from behind the half silvered, half shadowed belfry tower.

Such was M——, the earliest, best, sincerest friend I ever had. At the time alluded to, scarce nineteen summers had rolled over his eventful and chequered career; but, in that brief space how much had he seen, felt, reflected, and endured more than falls to the lot of most at that generally inexperienced age! In looking back a little at his early biography, let not the digression be deemed unimportant. In order to understand a character and pursue it through all its intricacies of envelopment, we must necessarily learn to comprehend the principles of its constitution. Bare facts afford but a barren lesson unless the causes which produce them are investigated and laid open to view; but when brought out and displayed for observation they offer the surest commentary on the past—the safest guide to the future.

The history of himself I have gleaned from his own lips at such times when we used to while away the long nights together in his or my rooms. Though by nature somewhat diffident, and even reserved in his manners (never taciturn or sullen), he would communicate freely to my inquiries after his early history; yet, as the subject seemed to be at best but an irksome one to him on many points, there were some moments and themes more favourable than others, and I availed myself without scruple of their discovery to gain from him such particulars as enable me here to present the imperfect outline which follows.

On one subject alone did he always appear to preserve the most scrupulous and rigid silence. There was something so truly overpowering in the deep grief-like tone of his dark allusions to some one unknown, whose name he never mentioned, and whose being he never revealed to me further than in the obscure hints of the existence of such a creature, connected with his thoughts and his actions so inveterately as it seemed to be, that I never pressed him for a confession of more concerning it than he chose I should be made aware of spontaneously.

Yes; his life had evidently been choked up by the weeds of a devouring disappointment. It preyed upon his very vitals; ate deeper and deeper into his heart's core, tinged his views of things, biassed his modes of thought, and warped his very will to its arbitrary standard. There were moments when his despair seemed insupportable. It was the utter woe of hopelessness. His soul could not be sick only; no, it must be cankered, cut up—slaughtered! His was not the sorrow that sighs itself away, nor the grief that raves itself to rest, but a torment that preyed and preyed, Vampyre-like, upon his liver, co-existent with his memory, co-eternal with his life! And yet, for all this, he was the most popular man in college—not a single individual (and there were many of us) but courted his acquaintanceship. At the out-college parties he was welcomed; in the in-college sets, honoured; every where looked up to, for he was not one of those, as Dr. Johnson well terms them, “screech owls of society” who go about uttering the lugubrious wail of their interminable plaint in everybody's ears—far from it. He even affected to be liked, and almost loved, for a right good-hearted, amiable fellow, free with the free, child-like with the young, and affable to all about him. He possessed in an eminent degree that peculiarly happy knack of adapting himself to each one he came near, and this not from policy or design, but

out of innate propensity to assimilate himself to those above (how few!) and those beneath him (how many!). Then again he was the life and soul of our debating club. In the very head and front of each harangue; the proposer of rules and ordinances, and the propounder of questions for discussion. His style of oratory was the most ornate and captivating I ever heard. Like Nestor is represented by our immortal bard when first starting "on his legs," there might you see him

"Stand,
Making such suasive motion with his hand,
That it beguiled attention."

And his periods flowed out one after the other in one rich volume of sweet cadences from his lips that almost vied with his of old, whose

"Ora rignantur aquis
Ceu fonte perenni."

One speech of his I never shall forget. The question had been discussed by the advocates for the odious traffic in slaves (the subject under debate), and these he took one by one, first demolished their arguments with his subtle logic, then, after pulverising the speakers in the mortar of his keen, unrelenting satire, tore them piecemeal, anatomised, flayed them alive with the sharp knife of his severe reproach. No, never shall I forget his aspect on that memorable night. He stood like a denunciator commissioned from the sphere of so many suffering worlds dealing out damnation to their oppressors! With wrathful countenance, and frame quivering with agitation, his heat and energy had dragged him forwards into the middle of the apartment, whilst those around sat mouse-like under the fascination of fear; their faces paralyzed to deathly fixedness, and their souls suffering under the writhing torture of the unmeasured insignificance which he continued to heap upon them. You might have heard a pin drop between his pauses.

But to return from these digressions to the notice of his early life, which, as before stated, I had from his own lips. As for the narrative part of his history, I am indebted to a mutual friend who stayed some time after my departure from Oxford, for I took my degree in about a twelvemonth after M.'s matriculation.

Edward Merivale M—— was of patrician but poor family. His father (himself a third son) was fain to put up with the modicum of income which he derived from a small living attached to the hereditary estate. His elder brothers had been provided for suitably in life, and there remained no alternative for Edward's father but the church, for which, indeed, he was as little fitted from capacity as he was ill-suited from inclination.

Like all men with small fortune, he married early in life. The sister of a college friend was the object of his choice. They were a most amiable, exemplary, deserving couple; therefore they were, in the worldly sense at least, not fortunate. They were poor, therefore they had plenty of children. Edward, my friend, was the eldest of these numerous "jewels," and, indeed, the brightest of them all. His father,

from his slender means, could not afford him the advantages of public education, and therefore took upon himself the cultivation of his boy's mind—a task of small trouble indeed, where the scion showed such propensities to precocious growth, yet infinitely too high an undertaking for the mediocre talents of the humble vicar. Left much to himself, the youthful Edward had every opportunity afforded him for the indulgence of his most ceaseless occupation—reading. He devoured books; abandoned to his own choice in the selection, he crammed his memory with their contents, without method, without design, so that his mind became in a little time a confused heap of ideas, imperfect from their want of connexion, and injurious from their destitution of end. He lived in a labyrinth of reflected images, and memory to him was as a garden where flowers and weeds alike found equal favour. His intellect was, to use the language of the great Bacon, “overloaded with the learning of other men.” Thus, in the course of a little period, the mist over his mental vision grew denser and still more dense; imagination supplied the place of reason: he lived thenceforth in a world of his own, peopled with his own thoughts, painted with his own fancies, and the business of existence at length became to him one continuous search after the delusive ideal to which his diseased brain had given birth—he looked upon the little world around him with the jaundiced eye of prejudice; there were none who came near his false standard, and as at first he failed to lead them by his authority, so at last he fell to pursuing them with his hate. Edward, the once meek and meditative Edward, became a misanthrope! Solitude was to him “an appetite, a feeling, and a love.” He shunned all society; there was a constant scowl upon his brow; the villagers avoided him; his own relatives grew estranged; his family felt he was lost to them. The father forgot his son, the mother her offspring—for he had forgotten them all long ago. Hateful and hating, he left his paternal home—his native land. A wanderer, he crossed the Alps, and traversed on foot the territory of ancient Rome, visited the shores of Greece, and journeyed onwards to Jerusalem. Thus far had he travelled in the gloomy penance of a self-imposed silence; and when at length the spell was broken and he spake, 'twas as a voice lifted up in the desert places, full of bitterness, of anguish, and of woe.

The length of his sojourn in the “widowed Zion, the city of the desolate,” cannot be exactly ascertained, for the precise periods both of his arrival and departure remain still undetermined. Little, moreover, is known of what became of him subsequently, further than that an old intimate of the family, in his route through Saxony, whilst at Jena, there heard of a youth of his name and description as being suspected for an accomplice of Sandt, the murderer of Kotzebue. It seems he had entered the university there, then the most famous in all Germany, and from inquiries made by the same informant, had attracted no less notice in the place by his love of science than by his ultra-political bias. An avowed enthusiast for liberty, he had been tracked by the vigilance of the hungry police to all the secret conclaves of the infatuated spirits in the university. Once misanthrope, he was now fanatic! The first in the “brotherhood” who

had sworn to imbrue their hands in the blood of freedom's foe, and fall martyrs in the cause of the world.*

The gentleman who communicated this to the father, stated that he had made all possible inquiry after his son, but without effect; not a trace of him could be discovered. Even the blood-hounds of the government were at fault, and confessed themselves baffled by a boy.

From this time forth, nothing more was heard of him until his re-appearance in L—shire, when the exile, the wanderer, the lost one, stood for the last time a stranger on his father's threshold—an altered man! Never was such a change so effectually wrought in a human mind as in that of M—. He left his home a gloomy renegade, without a sorrow—without a sigh! He returned to it as a dove to an ark after searching in vain the wide world wherewithal to find rest for the sole of her foot. His smile beamed a welcome to all, and upon all; and they who on his departure had scarce missed his presence from among them, wondered at the miracle of their former indifference, and deemed themselves in some sort guilty of barbarity in suffering so long the endearments of recollection to remain relaxed between them and one so well deserving of their kindest regard. There was a life and spirit about his demeanour, a cheerful benevolence about his look, and nothing in his outward man which could betray the least affinity to his former self, save an unaccountable modest reserve, a fearsome feminine irritability of nerve, and even this was to be perceived only on some occasions; but then the fit, while it lasted, was more like a paroxysm of fear; his frame quivered from end to end; his tongue refused its office; action became involuntary; his muscles played by fits and starts; his limbs moved not—they seemed to have no accord with his will. Whether this was the effect of the constant and perpetual dread he must have lived in whilst flying from the pursuit of men seeking his life, or whether proceeding from the pangs of remorseful memory, or from constitutional infirmity brought on by the early and frequent indulgence in overwrought impulses, to which minds of an imaginative turn are ever prone,—from any or which of these it proceeded it would be vain to conjecture; but such was his sensitiveness, such the filmy nature of his overstrained nerves, that it was to all who knew him worse than torture to be obliged to witness his fine, spare, fragile frame thus stretched on the rack of mental agony—and all now loved him too well for any to be the cause of pain to his little finger even.

M— had not been long at home ere he communicated to his father his desire to enter the church. These were tidings of gladness to the paternal ears. His brothers were all well settled in the world by the help of a small fortune which their father had inherited on the death of a distant relative, and there remained no better means of providing for himself but the prospect of succeeding his parent in the pastorship of his church. No obstacle, therefore, impeded the speedy preparation of his departure for Oxford, in order to his preliminary degree. Doubtless his acquirements, which had been classically di-

* Kotzebue's *Leben*. Leipzig, 1795.

rected during his residence abroad, did not a little incline him to the choice of a profession whereby he was enabled to indulge in the leisure so necessary to one devoted to literary pursuits. He entered the university better prepared than most men of his age to commence the academical career.

'Twas there we first became acquainted. A similarity of pursuits drew us often to walk abroad; our intercourse soon ripened into intimacy, and there are few who have been at college but will allow that the friendships which are there formed generally prove the most endearing of all ties of that kind, cherished the longest, and forgotten the last. And such will it be with the remembrance of M——. Oh, God! how inscrutable are thy ways! Alas! that I should have nought but his remembrance now left me! Oh, who could have imagined that the young, the noble, the ardent, the chivalrous M—— should be so soon doomed to destruction! That he, the bright, the talented, the enthusiastic, should so speedily be hurled upon his awful journey to that unknown bourn

Illuc, unde negant redire quemquam!

So awfully to perish too!

The morning of the *morrow*—the ominous morrow, at length broke in upon the sleepless couches of the few who were to figure with good or ill success in the schools on that day. It was one of those grey, misty, autumnal day-breaks so frequently at that season of the year the harbingers of a set in rain.—Slowly and heavily dawned the light, and the clouds, which had been gathering from the time the moon of overnight had disappeared, now rolled in sable mantles athwart the murk atmosphere, and threatened the city with a deluge. There was a solemn stillness throughout the air, a presageful aspect of things was spread over the face of nature, and as the eye wandered over the surrounding objects nothing but gloom, gloom, came reflected into the mind from the sad austerity of their sombre guise.

At length the rain fell—and in torrents. The sandy streets of the clinker-paved city were washed bare to the lowest stones; not a particle of soil but was carried down by the rushing streams as they descended on either side of the deluged pavement. The houses and colleges adjoining the street poured out water in continuous spouts from their projecting pipes; the springs burst; the swollen Cherwell swept away its green banks in many places; the fields and marsh land to the south side of the city were completely overflowed—

“Water, water, every where!”

It seemed a second deluge. Ten o'clock came, yet the heavens gave no sign of change. Another half-hour, yet the storm, which had been discharging its fury upon the earth for the last three hours, abated not one jot its awful rage. The rain still poured down incessantly. The whole country was enveloped in darkness.

But the darkest scene was already over! The cloud had passed by, and burst upon its victim like a thunderbolt! It had happened—had ended; and the silence of the grave, of stupefaction, of death, had succeeded to the appalling visitation.

Thrice had the pistol been pointed to his naked breast! Thrice had the terrific thunder-clap rebuked him for the meditated deed—when, firmness in his step, and courage in his heart, he paused yet a little moment, and gathered with each word as it fell from his faltering pen a determination of purpose, which, as fear had no hand in forming, shame had no power to avert.

“Hold! A few minutes longer, and it must be done! They shall not say it was a rash act! The suspense of fear is worse than annihilation, and contempt, even from the ignorant, is martyrdom; and in martyrdom, where is the glory?”

“Is there not a power in us to redeem ourselves? And are there not occasions when the pressures of the former and the promises of the future states conspire to urge us to the exercise of it? What is life but a limb of that eternal progression whose whole we are doomed to feel developed before our immortality is accomplished?—a monad, an atom, counting one amongst the infinite divisibilities of spirit—as brief in comparison with the remainder as that fierce flash of lightning is small compared with the vast mass of the same fluid in the surcharged cloud whence it issued? And yet the herd calls the self-murderer a guilty wretch—and why? Because he must pass to a state which *may* be better but *cannot* be worse?”

“How awfully the thunder crashes! I’ve stood upon the loftiest Appenine and listened to its roar, far, far beneath me, yet was it not so fearful in its sound!”

“Plato! Thou mightiest of the mighty ones of the earth! Dweller amid the spirits of inconceivable intelligence! Emanation from the eternal, immutable *καλον*! Thou greater than Socrates, thy Messiah, ‘qui primus philosophiam devocavit è cœlo;’ who unfoldedst the triple adamant of the cave of Cimmerian gloom and lookedst upon its forlornness so that it vanished presently! Herald of immortality, who didst inoculate the cradled spirit of the infant world and plumed it with the pinions of hope and eternity! Minister, martyr, mind-monarch, I obtest thee! In whatsoever sphere embodied—in whatsoever form concealed—whether seated on the onyx throne of the supremest star, thine appointed home, or wandering in eternal quest through illimitable space, instinct-piloted, or, pausing on the ethereal threshold of the temple of temples, faint with expectation of the coming scrutiny, thou makest thy footing firm on angels’ lore, suing for revelation,—in whatsoever universe thou livest, I invoke thee! In the hour of storm and tempest, a wandering ghost upon the shore of death, I woo thee for my guide, as he of old, ‘the Tuscan bard, the banished Ghibelline,’ did for his journey through the nether world evoke the shadow of the Mantuan!”

“And you, ye lesser spirits of old Greece, the land of living light, the womb of thought—who have by precept and example pointed the weapon wherewith to quail the harpy evils of this our sublunary state, and send them screaming to their proper hell—all ye who did with your own hands put on the wings that waft to immortality, be present! I conjure ye all! An unworthy member of thy glorious company, I offer me to thy companionship!”

"Hark! It is their summons in the thunder's roar! I come! I come!"

Paralyzed and distorted throughout each nerve of his weltering frame—in his one hand the convulsively grasped scroll, in his other the fatal pistol, lay lifeless the scarce cold and gory body of the unfortunate M——. The ball had penetrated the right ventricle of the heart, and having made its way out between the shoulder bones, had fallen, flattened like a pellet, at the foot of the stone slab against which it had struck. His death must have been instantaneous; "but never, oh never (writes a witness of the appalling scene) shall I forget the fearful expression that lingered on his slaty countenance! The scorn of triumph blending with the fierce death grin! His thoughts had battled themselves to rest!"

THE PLEASING MOMENTS OF AN ACTOR'S LIFE.

"List, list, O list."

GOING to the Theatre the first night of a new piece, in which you are to shine—on your arrival being told that the part is cut out altogether, the manager having insisted upon its being done upon hearing *who* was to play it.

Having to play a prominent part in a procession—to "take the lead" of a wild beast—upon reaching the centre of the stage, said beast misconducts himself *in the usual manner*—"Picture"—"general shout"—and, "curtain falls."

Standing to be sung *at* (by a lady of course) through a song of half an hour's length, during which time you take as many attitudes as would fill out the "Grecian Statues," and get no thanks for your pains.

Fighting a "desperate combat" when suffering from rheumatism in right shoulder, with every prospect of an encore.

Being compelled to support an actress (the heaviest on the establishment) upon one arm during a long hysterical faint, the other arm being engaged holding a pistol at a demon, or robber, or seducer, or some such person—

"O gods! ye gods, must I endure all this?
All this! Aye more;"

and this is it—upon being pursued, obliged to fly with (i. e. to carry) your "honourable load" to the summit of a "frightful precipice," and it being the end of the act, there you must remain till the drop puts an end to your sufferings.

NOBODY.

(To be continued.)

FROM AN ODE TO THE FOUR GREAT EPIC BARDS.

THE world was dark when Homer sung,
 As dark as on creation's day,
 Ere light's divine enchantment flung
 On every shade a living ray.
 The world was dark, the minds of men
 Groped feebly on their dreary way,
 And beauty glimmer'd forth to be extinct again !
 But godlike Homer rose :
 Oh ! feel ye not the burning spell
 That then on listening nations fell
 (Nor lov'd too long, nor lov'd too well),
 And charm'd them to repose ?
 Oh ! hear ye not the thrilling strains
 That rose and rise from Grecian plains ?
 And do ye not adore the man
 Who placed upon his country's brow
 A diadem that decks her now,
 For all mankind to scan ?

Alas ! though Homer's genius drew
 Beauties of a living hue
 From fancy's Iris that o'erspans mankind,
 And though his theme for ever
 A canoniz'd endeavour,
 With deathless melodies will be enshrined :
 Could the lost bard behold his country now,
 How pale, how chill'd, how passionless her brow !
 How trampled and despis'd her lonely lot !
 His Attic heart would weep itself away,
 And bid the burden of his former lay
 In present degradation be forgot !

And thou, sweet Mantuan ! lovely in thy song,
 Aspiring type of eagle Rome !
 Oh ! could'st thou leave the shadowy Stygian throng,
 Oh ! could'st thou pluck thy own *enchanted branch,
 And fascinate old Charon's crazy †launch,
 To bear thee to thy native home,
 How sad thy household gods would meet
 The winged echoes of thy feet,
 Their temples bound with votive yew !
 How lone 'midst crumbling fanes thy steps would fall,
 And how a troop of memories, all
 Of Roman grandeur o'er thy troubled soul,
 And Roman glory too,
 Like misty clouds dim seen at night, would roll !

* Latet arbore opacâ
 Aureus et foliis et lento vimine *Ramus*.

ÆNEID, Lib. vi. 136.

† Gemuit sub pondere cymba
 Sutilis, et multam accepit *rimosa* paludem.

Idib. 414.

From an Ode to the Four Great Epic Bards.

Weep ye not, poets! though the world
 With ivy should be overgrown,
 Though sun and stars be downward hurl'd,
 The light of genius shines alone!
 Ye watch and sing, and sing and watch, by Heaven's
 eternal throne!

Go stand beside the tomb where *Milton lies:
 It fills the centre of a silent aisle;
 Yet few there are whose thoughtlessness would smile,
 Or take the tone of counterfeit surprise,
 When loitering by that lonely spot awhile:
 The din of life swells noisily without,
 Full many a rabble-curse and senseless shout,
 Full many a flaunting jibe in folly's eyes—
 And many a falsehood calmly cold
 Is raised in outward quest of gold,
 But spirits sit that modest tomb beside,
 Bright spirits! passing far man's sublunary pride!

Hither, ye kings of earth, or shades of kings!
 Hither, ye conquerors of mankind!
 Who swept along on transitory wings;
 Hither, ye sages, sainted though ye be,
 Industrious searchers of man's mystic ways,
 The tapers of whose unassisted gaze
 Did vainly scrutinize eternity,
 Till darkness mantled o'er the mind:
 Arise! appear!

King's! conquerors! sages! lay your glories here:
 The man who sleeps in yonder tomb,
 Hath soar'd beyond a world of gloom
 To gaze into the glorious sun!
 Yet deem not that his race was run
 When death o'erdropped his weary lids:
 Oh! deem not that his genius sleeps
 Where Night her silent empire keeps:
 No—he shall sing, and live, and be
 When Time's unfathomable sea
 Hath overwhelm'd the Pyramids!

* Milton was buried in St. Giles's, Cripplegate—his monument is very simple.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

POLITICS.

The Currency Question in a Nutshell. 8vo. pp. 16. Ridgeway.

WE ventured a very few observations on this important and difficult subject in our March number; and we are glad to find the same views which we took of the matter are espoused by the writer of this small but useful pamphlet. We have read, till we are tired, the writings of Torrens, Jones Lloyd, Salomons, &c.; but it may be well asked—*cui bono?* They admit not, or else they wilfully pass over the great principle which constitutes the basis of all sound reasoning on this subject,—namely, that in a country taxed as ours is, not by imposts graduated according to the wealth of its inhabitants, but by levies made on foreign goods sent into or out of this country, and on certain other commodities produced or manufactured at home,—there can be no *fixed* standard of value: it must rise or fall accordingly as the amount of taxation rises or falls. If Sir Robert Peel, whom we consider to be the author of the present monetary system and of all our troubles, had properly considered the effect of the customs and excise taxation on the currency, he could not have committed himself so far, as to cripple the resources of a great commercial nation by recommending a return to cash payments in 1819, at a time when we were still labouring (as we are now) under those oppressive taxes, to bear which a paper currency was legalized in 1797. We do not mean to accuse the ex-premier of any dishonesty in having so done; but certainly there never was any act, of whose injustice the agriculturists, who at the beginning of the French war were the most prosperous and influential members of society, can so justly complain as the decree by which the government virtually broke all the promises and contracts that their necessities had compelled them to make twenty-two years before. In 1797 it was thought that 20,000,000*l.* of taxes could not be paid without a Bank restriction:—how could Sir R. Peel propose a return to cash payments when our yearly taxes are not only not lighter, but actually heavier by 26,000,000*l.*? His specious argument was, that we really could bear it, and that the return to a healthy and substantially valuable currency would be cheaply purchased by the fall in prices, which would not be more than *four* per cent.:—they have fallen *fifty* per cent.! No one is benefited by the change except those who should have been the last to be considered,—namely, the capitalists; and a large section of the national population is plunged into the deepest distress, involved in irrecoverable ruin. This is no alarmist's howling, no overcoloured and exaggerated statement, but bare unvarnished truth; and to a more prosperous state of things we cannot return, until money becomes so plentiful *that taxation may be superadded to prices*, so as to give that fair equivalent for labour which cannot be obtained under the present system. Gold, however, which our sapient governors in time past have forbidden to rise or fall in value like every other commodity that we ever saw or heard of, cannot be procured in sufficient quantities to meet our increased demands; and besides if it could, it would not serve us, for the foreigner coolly takes it from us; unceremoniously carries away our circulating medium into other countries, because he can get it cheaper than the produce of our taxed labour which he would otherwise take in exchange for our im-

ports. It is quite clear that we must look to some other expedient for relieving ourselves from embarrassments than a stupid adherence to a monetary system which is a monument of folly and injustice. If it be true that we are in a far worse condition for making payments in gold now than we were in 1797, we must look,—either to our system of taxation and see if it be not capable of such adjustment or reform, as that the rich, the accumulating part of the people should bear their proportion of the national burdens and so relieve the less wealthy members of the community who now bear three-fourths of the whole taxation,—or else to an expansion of the circulating medium, which may relieve us from the evils of our present confinement by raising us to the state in which we were before Peel's ill-starred act:—this expansion must be effected by the establishment of a national paper currency, a currency not dependent on the *ex-cathedra* dictates issuing from a bank parlour, not managed by this private body or that corporation, but the property of the nation managed by a body of employed men immediately and unreservedly responsible to the Commons of England. With respect to the establishment of a property-tax or income-tax there are so many acknowledged difficulties, that it seems scarcely capable of adoption; and we would employ the other as equally safe and more easy of adoption, although the former measure would be by far the juster of the two. As for the present state of things, we feel as certain as of our own existence that this country cannot endure it much longer:—indeed it is arithmetically demonstrable. Men of business, whose brains are not bewildered by pre-conceived opinions imbibed from the professional economists, are beginning to open their eyes to the perilous state in which we now are, and to wonder that the sages who talk so wisely but act so sillily, should not have legislated with more prudence and discretion. All classes around them are plunged in distress:—let them ask the farmers to compare the outlay of raising a bushel of wheat or any other grain with the profits from its sale, and they will find that both farmers and men must be in distress:—let them go to Manchester, Spitalfields, and other manufacturing districts, and they will find that industry cannot procure a bare subsistence:—and if they would confine their observations to this metropolis, their eyes every day behold so many symptoms of the greatest distress even among parties of acknowledged respectability and capital,—a distress, which the rational self-interest of bankers and capitalists will not relieve except for an extravagant consideration,—that they cannot doubt that we are and must be on the eve of a great and radical change,—for the better, let us hope, for in a worse plight we scarcely can be.

Much space, it must be confessed, has been taken up in noticing this very small *brochure*; but we have been guided not by its size but its importance. Its object is to disseminate in a homely and familiar form principles of financial economy that we consider to be based on truth. The author has been successful in embracing within the compass of a small tract the more important arguments on which his views and our views are founded, and we would that a copy of this little pamphlet (which might easily be made into a three-half-penny tract), were in the hands of every intelligent and unprejudiced Englishman throughout these realms.

State and Prospects of British Agriculture, &c. By A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT. 8vo. Ridgeway.

THE M. P. who has condensed the three ponderous folios of the Evidence before the Commons' Agricultural Committee into 208 octavo pages, has done the State some service. Such evidence, given by the highest men of the agricultural profession, is highly valuable and ought to be generally accessible. The moderate price at which this compilation is fixed, will, as we trust, induce practical men to become its possessors; and certainly they cannot be misemployed in giving the evidence a thorough perusal. We have on several

occasions adverted to the matters that form the chief points of the committee's consideration, and in the notice that immediately precedes this, we have expressed sentiments on the currency-question, that cannot be very displeasing to the witnesses examined, however opposite they may be to those expressed by the honourable member who edits the pamphlet and condemns the witnesses as romantic and eccentric. Time, perhaps, will show that there is more truth than romance in our statements, and that the views taken by those whom the M. P. condemns are based on sounder financial principles than those which are supported by the great names of Baring, Palmer, Poulett Thomson, &c. The dénouement of this eventful drama is not far hence.

We cannot quit the subject, however, without expressing some dissatisfaction that the editor should have garbled the evidence, as he has done confessedly from his own introduction. *Audi alteram partem* should be the motto of a compiler of historical facts; and it is much to be regretted that the honourable committee-man should have swallowed a pill of oblivion, before he took his scissors and paste-brush in hand.

TRAVELS.

Excursions through the Highlands and Isles of Scotland in 1835-6.

By the Rev. C. L. SMITH, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of Christ's College, Cambridge. 8vo. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE clerical traveller who has thus introduced himself with all his blushing honours is not the first person whom we have charged with writing about what he can know nothing. The great Mr. Fenimore Cooper wrote two volumes about Switzerland, of which country and its people he knew no more than an African knows of China:—Mrs. Trollope libelled the Americans so absurdly as to caricature human nature itself:—Professor Hoppus (the learned logico-illogical teacher of some ten or fifteen tyro's at University College, London) has favoured the world with his lucubrations—his pencillings by the way *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis* during a ten weeks' tour through Germany and Switzerland, and every person who knows aught of either countries must on perusing the learned man's observations be quite convinced that he knows much less of Germany than of logic. Mr. Smith we should place in the same category:—he is a student most probably; one whom collegiate or studious habits have forced into a certain and exclusive train of thought. He is no doubt, in his way, a highly estimable and scientific person,—one of whom the university may be justly proud for his high honours; but when he comes forward as a writer on matters not belonging to his own *métier*, he then becomes amenable to public opinion;—and we deal with him accordingly, as we would with any titled or untitled author—on the ground of his own merits.

Mr. C. Lesingham Smith has done more than most of our native tourists think of doing. We knew one person who went to Havre and through the Loire scenery to Orleans, thence to Paris, and again through Montargis, Nevers, and Moline, to Lyons, whence, *not* visiting the silk manufactories, he proceeded on his way to Switzerland, in which country he travelled *à pied* about twenty miles a day for a fortnight,—returned by Basle to Strasburg and Cologne, and so back to our smoky metropolis. This excellent gentleman was absent exactly *forty-two days*, and during his absence he most industriously employed himself with scribbling his crudities to such an extent that two octavo volumes would scarcely contain them. Mr. Smith is somewhat more modest;—he has taken two seasons, that is, altogether sixty days (twenty-eight in one, and thirty-two in the other) to examine the Highlands, Islands and metropolis of Scotland, and he has only filled one. We have some hopes of him. When travelling Englishmen are the general laughing-stock of intel-

ligent foreigners who have ample cause for laughing at the absurdities and extravagance of John Bull, an individual who has had the means of ascertaining the real character, habits, and feelings of two or three entirely different nations on the European continent, and has observed the errors (together with the causes of them) into which superficial visitors have fallen of judging from first impressions, and not from mature observation, may be allowed to give vent to his feelings of indignation and regret at the folly of his countrymen. But Mr. Smith has confined his observations to our own island; and, although he speaks of a tour in Switzerland (of which he has astonishingly meagre recollections), we should say without hesitation, that he gives us the lucubrations of one who has *examined* little or nothing either *within* or *outside* of his own native country.

The tourist during his travels has visited many other parts of Scotland besides those usually marked out by our summer adventurers; but it is to reminiscences of Scott and Burns rather than to his own that he is indebted for the interesting portion of this gold and green volume. He seems to us to have *crammed* Scott's last edition of the Waverley novels and all poor Burns's poetry, and after such preparation in the cloister to have gone forth with gaping curiosity, to have tried to assimilate all with standards so generally acknowledged, and to have mixed the whole with his own notions into a glorious confusion of ideas which would require the genius of Dr. Hartley himself to separate into the respective parts. In a word, he is totally deficient in that *naïveté* and freshness of feeling with which a natural and unaffected observer of men, manners, and scenery would be possessed:—he is not a citizen of the world, but a regular Englishman and a Cambridge monk. He cannot get rid of his individuality, cannot forget himself, cannot transport himself into scenes that are so much more elevated, so much more ethereal than the dank, miasmatic climate of Cambridge.

That Mr. Smith has done what he has, is at any rate some cause of gratulation; for he has shown to the hundreds of tourists who go northwards that there is something north of the Caledonian canal that merits attention, something that deserves a stare as well as the Giant's Causeway, Fingal's Cave, the ruins of Iona, or the pass of Glencoe. That the author has earned for himself any thing beyond a temporary reputation by writing this journal we cannot venture to say; but we will not deny him the possession of some talent, notwithstanding our previous strictures. Let the following extract suffice as a specimen of his descriptive powers.

"Bidding adieu to Hamilton, who is a shrewd man, and especially conversant in practical geology, I mounted a sheltie, which carried me six miles along the shore to Sannox. I then set off on foot with a guide to ascend Glen Sannox, and pass homeward by Glen Rosie. The rain soon came on in torrents, and the clouds, rolling down the steep sides of the mountains, entirely concealed all the fine peaks and crags which adorn their summits. This was a grievous disappointment, for the glens are said to be the wildest in Arran, and I saw enough from the occasional shifting of the mist, to be fully aware of the grandeur of the scene. The ascent is not difficult, except at the highest part, separating Glen Sannox from Glen Rosie, where we had to climb a barrier of rocks. The footing throughout was wretched; treacherous peatmosses and concealed dykes continually occurring to annoy the traveller.

"Under these circumstances I had only to look to my guide for amusement. He combines the three occupations of weaver, shore-porter, and guide; and, as might be expected from the multiplicity of his vocations, is a very active little man for his years, of which he numbers fifty-six. He was extremely inquisitive respecting my history, asking whether my father was alive, and if I were the heir, and if I had a wife.

"'There are vera few things,' said he, 'better than a good wife, only they are hard to find; but I wish you may soon hae one that's good and bonnie too. We had a great man from Glasgow here a wee while ago, that studied

natural philosophy; and the advice he gave to the lads in our glen was, aye to tak a wife out of a genteel family, for if a good one was to be had, that was where to find her.'

"He then began to expatiate on the virtues of his own helpmate, from which, by a very natural transition, he passed on to his own merits.

" 'May be,' said he, 'in the summer, when the weather is clear, I'll be making from four to five shillings a day from the gentlefolks; and I always carry it home to my wife—not spend it in drinking. But if ye'll be wanting a cask of whisky, I can get one of the real sort?' (with a wink of the eye) 'vera good!' (and a smack of the lip.)

"I told him I had no doubt of its goodness, but I was going far away from home.

" 'Well then,' said he, 'I'll just tell you honourable; that same drinking whisky is a bad thing; an' I'm an old man, an' ye'll just tak my advice, not to drink it regular, so as to go to your bed without your senses. A little now an' then in your travels is a vera well, but no to get drunk with it daily.'

"This disinterested piece of advice was given with all the emphasis and solemnity of a philosopher addressing a tyro. Gracious Heaven! that I who am notorious for limiting my potations to a modicum of small ale, not from any merit of abstinence, but from an absolute dislike of their fiery liquors—that I should be coolly recommended 'not to get drunk with whisky just every day!' I laughed immoderately; and still more when the jolly weaver, after emptying the last drop from my pocket flask, out of which I had scarce taken a quarter of a wine-glass, said very deliberately, as he put the cork in again, 'We've divided it vera nicely!'

"However, I must do him the justice to observe, that all, which I did not drink myself, was still drunk in my cause; for he never put the cup to his lips without prefacing his draught with 'Here's luck t'ye, Sir.'

"He lives in a small cottage close to the farm of Glen Rosie, the tenant of which is looked up to by the weaver as being, next to the duke of Hamilton, the greatest man in the world. As we passed by, he asked if he might leave the bit of bread and cheese, which had survived the keenness of our appetites, for the bairns. He had seven of them alive, and two were dead.

"I entered the cottage with him; it was very dark, and made so chiefly by the great loom, which occupied nearly half the ground floor: but there was an air of comfort and tidiness about it, not usual in the dwelling of a Highland peasant. His wife had a very prepossessing appearance, and seemed to justify all the encomiums which he had bestowed upon her. Her manners were excellent. There is a politeness of nature, which is quite as agreeable as that of the drawing-room. Nearly all the bairns were at home, and a set of finer children I have rarely seen. On leaving the cottage, the weaver put his finger upon my arm, and looking back upon his home with an air of pride, 'It's no grand place, yon,' said he, 'but it does vera well, and we are just content wi' it, an as happy as the vera farmer himsel.'

"When we came to the obelisks, which I had sketched the preceding evening, I would not take the poor fellow further; and, having been much pleased with his cleanly cottage and large family, I gave him five shillings for his guide-fee, saying, 'Here's sixpence a-piece for yourself and wife and seven bairns, and sixpence over for luck.'

"If I had given him a thousand pounds he could not have been more surprised, or more grateful. He looked at the two half-crowns for some time, without uttering a word, and then burst out:

" 'Ye're a gentleman, a rale gentleman; give us your hand! I'll be up to carry your luggage the morning for nothing. Thank ye, thank ye kindly.'

"And then as I turned away towards the inn, he slapped me on the shoulder, and once more exclaimed, 'Ye're a gentleman!' with a marked emphasis on the word, as if it embodied the highest compliment which one man could pay to another. And the Gael was so far right; but whether giving

him a crown proved me to be a gentleman, is another matter ; I know those who will rather think it proved me to be a fool.

"Upon the whole, I was much diverted with this my first excursion in the mountains. True, it poured with rain the whole way, and I saw very little of the wild and desolate crags, which, soaring above and around us, were swept out of the landscape by the rolling clouds. Yet I felt a compensation for all in the freshness of the mountain air, in the roaring of the swollen torrent, in the little difficulties of our path, and above all in the droll conversation of my friend the weaver."

Mr. Smith must not consider us unkind or personal in making the above remarks. A far higher consideration has prompted us to make the above (which by the dissection of the work we might have made thrice as long)—namely, that of exhibiting the folly of our travelling countrymen, who go abroad and fancy that every land under the sun must contain people with a language and habits like their own. That Mr. Smith has done so to a certain extent cannot be denied:—that he has sinned less than others is owing to his more enlightened education.

MEDICAL SCIENCE.

British Annals of Medicine, Pharmacy, Vital Statistics, and General Science. Nos. 18 and 19. Sherwood.

WE before noticed the establishment of a weekly medical periodical under the above title, and we will now enquire, for the guidance of our readers, how far the editors of this work have redeemed the promises they set forth, at the outset of their career, to the public. It has been thought by those who are not fully competent to offer an opinion upon the progress of literature, that the "*Annals of Medicine*" was an unnecessary intrusion upon a field already occupied by two popular medical periodicals, the "*Lancet*," and "*Medical Gazette*." This, however, is very far from being the case, and the discernment which has been displayed by the conductors of the "*Annals*," in the path which they have chosen for their exertions, and the nature of the information which they have selected, is at once a direct proof of the position which we have assumed.

We have ever deemed it a duty, which as critics we owe to the public, to be all-watchful over the interests of literature, and to wield our magic rod wherewith we can at our will range before us the choicest fruits of all countries, and of all sciences, with such judgment and discrimination as to embrace in their turn all that may be interesting or instructive. It is with this view that we have now stepped upon the car of medical letters, with the view of showing to our readers that the progression of improvement, as it is confined to no clime, so is it a stranger to no branch of science or profession.

The "*Annals of Medicine*" then we proclaim to be the index which points to the progressing movement of medical periodical literature, and we refer for the grounds of our opinion to the analysis of its proceedings since its commencement at the beginning of this year.

We will not go back to the earlier numbers of the "*Lancet*" to make comparison; that would be ingratitude to a light that first shone from out the mists of darkness and obscurity. Nor do we in later times ponder upon the party workings that gave birth to the "*Medical Gazette*," nor the records of a clique that have since preserved that journal in existence. But we may peruse the earliest pages of the "*Annals of Medicine*," and declare our opinion that they did not fall short of the more advanced times in which they were presented to the public; and that since they have become the annals

from which we expect to glean of all the subjects that appear upon their title-page, we have not been disappointed in our search.

The other medical periodicals, still useful and interesting in their departments, were ceasing to be sufficient to supply the demand for increased and more scientific information. The editors of the "Annals" listened to the call, and, without rivals and unrivalled in their especial province, they have honourably acquitted themselves of the duties incumbent upon that summons.

We will not however encroach too far upon the patience of our reader, but proceed at once to an examination of the book itself, and show how far our opinion may be relied upon as authority. *Pharmacy* has never before been attempted in the form in which it is treated by the "Annals of Medicine," namely, as a science, and a guide to those in the medical profession whose studies are more particularly directed to that subject. Thus the current prices of drugs, their characters, quality, adulterations, with the means of detection, &c., are ably and judiciously exposed. Under this head also may be found, discoveries of new medicines, their uses and applications, with new chemical analyses and syntheses. *Vital statistics*, from the pen of one of the editors who has already attained to much reputation as a medical statist, and to whom Mr. McCulloch in his late excellent work particularly refers, has bestowed many highly important calculations upon the public. We need only point to a paper upon the "Law of Recovery and Death in Small Pox," and another on "A New Method of determining the Danger and Duration of Diseases at every Period of their Progress," by Farr, to confirm our dictum on this head.

Under the title of General Science a rich mine of intelligence and learning is open to the working of its subscribers. Some of the papers deserve a notice, we shall therefore name a few that we conceive most striking and particularly characteristic of the intention of the work. Thus, On the Chemistry of the Digestive Organs, by R. D. Thomson, M. D., in which a Newly Discovered Principle of the Gastric Juice is described; Professor Mueller of Berlin, Lectures on Human Physiology; Ophthalmology, by Middlemore, of Birmingham; Pathology of Bone, by Dr. Hodgkin; Statistics of the Negro Slave Population, &c. &c.

In paying our parting respects to the editors of this most deserving, and we trust prosperous periodical, we feel bound to express our gratification in the review of their labours. One slight suggestion however we hope in good fellowship will not be thought intrusive. We regard the fine arts with so much reverence, that we must confess our taste somewhat shocked at the grim-visaged god of the serpent that scowls upon their cover, so little emblematical of the choice selections contained within. 'Tis true the finest diamond has ofttime the roughest exterior, but it is also true that value and beauty are both improved by the lapidary's art.

Moral Statistics of Paris, [Prostitution dans la ville de Paris considérée sous la rapport de l'Hygiène publique, de la Morale et de l'Administration,] by PARENT DUCHATELET. Thick 8vo. pp. 662. Brussels.

M. DUCHATELET was one of the most extraordinary men that France has produced during the present century; and we may safely affirm, if a life spent in unwearied search for facts, on which to base the science of public health, be a just subject of praise, that M. Duchatelet's indefatigable industry and high talent in a department that he has made peculiarly his own, demands the highest praise from every sincere advocate of public health and morals, not only in France but all over Europe. *Honi soit, qui mal y pense.* To those persons who are scared by an awkward-looking title, or to others who with puritanical affectation would hold aloof altogether from so *disgusting* and *scandalous* a subject as that of which this book treats, we have not one word

to say further than to ask how they dare deprecate a study, whose object is to regenerate and restore to society the lost beings whom they will not contribute a single sou to save. Active philanthropy, and such was emphatically M. Duchatelet's, is to us a far more pleasing sight than false and formal decorum; and this work by developing the causes and pointing out the miseries of that vice which is the curse of every capital in Europe, and seems to be the great evil inherent to the highest state of civilization, has furnished those who in every country apply themselves to the work of improving public morals, with a vast body of information of a very various character, highly serviceable in advancing the labours of benevolence. Every part of the work should be read with attention, not from the mere motive of an idle or licentious curiosity, but with the worthy intention of making its study the basis of philanthropic exertions. As a medico-statistical writer, we may certainly give M. Duchatelet rank by the side of Mr. Farr, who is certainly the most talented and erudite that we have ever met with; and, as respects those parts of the work which treat of female penitentiaries, we cannot do otherwise than give them our highest meed of praise, and recommend the immediate translation of them into our own language with a view to their distribution among the benevolent supporters of such institutions in this country. The whole work, however, ought to be read by the managers of such establishments, and by all persons connected more or less with the administration of justice and the maintenance of public morals.

Observations on the Topography, Climate, and Prevalent Diseases of the Island of Jersey. By GEORGE S. HOOPER, M. D. pp. 199. Whittaker.

THIS is an unambitious but nevertheless a useful and interesting little volume on the several subjects which it professes to illustrate. To carry his object into effect, the author has distributed the materials of his Tract into six chapters, of which the following are the several heads. Ch. i. General description of the Island; ii. Climate of Jersey; iii. Description of the town of St. Helier; iv. Description of the town of St. Aubin; v. Observations on diseases of the Island; vi. Remedial properties of its climate. To the above chapters are added, in an appendix, some useful meteorological tables which indicate at one glance the following facts. Table i. Shows the mean temperature of the months, seasons, and whole year averaged on five consecutive years, viz. 1831, 32-33-34-35; Table ii. the mean ranges of temperature of the months in the different seasons and the whole year, averaged as before; Table iii. the mean daily range of temperature of the months, seasons, and whole year, averaged as before; Table iv. the mean variation of temperature from day to day in the different months, seasons, and whole year, averaged as in the preceding tables; Table v. the mean daily range of temperature of the same five years on the different months, seasons, and whole year; Table vi. the mean daily variations of temperature of five successive years in the different months, seasons, and whole year; Table vii. the particulars of five successive years in regard to mean temperature, and Table viii. the degree of prevalence of each wind in days and fractional parts of days for the different months and the whole year, averaged on five successive years.

In the general description of this most extensive and populous of the channel Islands, the author treats of its magnitude, figure, exposition, and relative boundaries; of its geology, character; and fertility of its soil; of its general aspect and scenery; of its botany, as illustrative of the genial temperature of its climate; of its springs and other waters; of the population of the Island and the national character of its inhabitants, together with their modes and means of living, and other circumstances of considerable practical interest.

In the second chapter he treats especially of the climate of Jersey. The

synoptical tables already adverted to are chiefly illustrative of the facts or phenomena referred to in this chapter.

In the third chapter the reader will find an interesting description of the town of St. Helier, the capital of Jersey, with its relative position in the Island; the aspect, scenery, and geology of its immediate neighbourhood; the mixed and objectionable character of its architecture, its excessive population and want of due ventilation for its extent, the insalubriousness of many of its localities for want of proper drainage, its want of public walks and of accommodations for sea bathing, &c.

The discreditable facts so abundantly exhibited in this chapter, furnish ample evidence of the author's straightforwardness, great good sense and superiority over vulgar fears of consequences.

The fourth chapter commences with a description of the town of St. Aubin. An extract from this section of our little tract will be read with interest, and suffice to give the reader a pretty correct idea of his author's manner. "Next to St. Helier St. Aubin claims our particular notice. In all public records it is I believe called a town, and we need not therefore detract from its consequence, by giving it a name of inferior acceptance; although in point of actual importance it is now little better than a village. It was once the principal seat of trade; and it was no doubt from that circumstance that one common name was bestowed on itself and the bay in which it is situated. Upon the ruins of its commercial prosperity rose that of its rival St. Helier, which soon turned all the main channels of wealth towards its own bosom. Divers reasons have been assigned for this reverse of fortune; but whatever may be the real one, St. Aubin, in the view which I shall here take of it, derives most of its attractions from its present quiet state, though it is not the less to be admired for the marks it yet retains of better times. Its principal street, which is its main entrance, is built in a style greatly superior to what a distant view might lead a stranger to expect; and altogether it exhibits many indications of former wealth and fashion. On the quays are many eligible houses, and up to the Vaux, a valley of which I shall presently speak, we likewise observe much neatness in the buildings; some of which are detached cottages. In a word, and to use the lively expressions of Mr. Inglis, it is such a place as might be chosen in a thousand by the lover of seclusion and quiet. Rising on the eastern side of the bay, half-way up a beautiful hill from the very border of the land, it commands a splendid sea view which reaches as far as the opposite coast of France in clear weather. The two towns communicate one with the other by a good carriage road running close to the beach, and at low water by a fine hard sand from one side of the bay to the other. The distance is little better than three miles.

"From what has been here stated it will not be difficult to conceive how in point of salubrity St. Aubin leaves nothing to desire. Its drainage is rendered effectual by a mill-stream proceeding from an adjoining valley and running at the lowest level of the town over a paved gutter which discharges itself into the subjacent harbour. Towards this stream all the sloping streets converge. On the level ground along the quays ample provision is made for the same important purpose by underground sewers also leading into the pier, which twice a day is freed from all noxious matter by the sea, excepting in neap tides. With such natural and artificial means it is easy to maintain a degree of cleanliness in this little town which greatly enhances its merits as a residence."

The remainder of this chapter is occupied by a comparative view of the towns of St. Helier and St. Aubin in regard to climate, and by a succinct account of the coast of St. Clement with the bays of Grouville and St. Catherine. These descriptive portions of the little volume before us are truly interesting.

The whole of the fifth chapter, a considerable proportion of so small a work, is devoted to a practical consideration of the diseases of the island of Jersey. But although not unacquainted with the diseases of England, and especially

with those of the British metropolis, we feel that we can scarcely trust ourselves to speak with confidence of Dr. Hooper as a professional writer. He does not speak as a man of authority and as a practitioner having great power over the maladies which surround him. We suspect that he possessed not the advantage of seeing much of what in this country we are apt to call active practice during the period of his education. We can scarcely suppose that a system of treatment which would prove exceedingly and almost uniformly inefficient for the subduction of certain formidable diseases in this country could be generally depended upon for their successful application in the corresponding maladies of Jersey. These remarks, it should be observed, are made in utter personal ignorance of the climate and diseases of that interesting island; and we close our notice of Dr. Hooper's publication with our sincere recommendation of its less professional contents to general perusal, without presuming on our right absolutely to disparage the somewhat twaddling contents of the fifth chapter.

The sixth and last chapter consists of a few general statements, too few and too general to be of much use, on the remedial properties of the climate of Jersey.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bertrand, a Tragedy. By S. B. Harper, Esq. 8vo. Fraser.

It has seldom been our lot to peruse an imaginative production in which unquestionable beauties and the grossest defects and deformities are so thickly commingled. The author has yet much to study; and it would have been well if he had submitted his tragedy to the hand of some private and friendly critic, ere he had ventured to encounter a public ordeal. We have said that 'Bertrand' contains unquestionable beauties; its author has a rich and rather exuberant fancy, nor is he deficient in the poetical imagination of his characters. Indeed, with the indispensable requisites for successful tragic composition he is better provided than most of his competitors; and it rests with him to make himself in all respects what he aspires to, by that unsparing *limæ labor*, which is quite necessary to make a finished literary performance. We object very much to the use of coined words; for they are scarcely endurable even from a Wordsworth or a Coleridge, much less from a very young aspirant; and we may also hint at various grammatical solecisms that are to be found in it; but the introduction of gross and disgusting images is a more serious charge, and we must find room for one at least out of many extracts that might be made in support of it. In it there is nonsense as well as grossness:—

How's this, Sir, What doth bring to such a spot
Such as thy dress proclaims thee? Why these foot-prints
Stamped on the *thread-bare* soil? Whither, my lord,
Are fled thy comrades? *Why, the filthy soil,*
Which battens on its browser's excrement,
Disgorges up the whereabouts of treachery,
Finds voice and articleth, Traitors meet here!

Having given an extract to prove the defects of Bertrand, it is only fair that we should cite a passage that shall convince our readers as well as ourselves, that the work contains real beauties. It shall be taken from the part of Mariana the heroine, a warm-hearted and deeply-impassioned Spanish lady, one of the best drawn characters in the piece, and with this we must take our leave of the author, wishing him all the success which his poetic talents deserve in the high and ambitious walk that he has chosen.

Enter MARIANA in great terror.

MARIANA.

Oh, brother—dear brother! my dearest love,
Save one!—oh, good, kind Lopez!—That choice one,—

That one alone I could love more than thou,—
A miracle of capacious, gen'ral love
To all mankind!—Oh, dear, gen'rous brother!
What dost thou think? *(She falls into his arms.)*

LOPEZ.

I trust he is not dead!

MARIANA.

Dead! No, no, no! O no! not dead!

LOPEZ.

Not dead!

MARIANA.

No; he doth live!—That Heaven would not permit!
But they have tried, Lopez! Common night bravoës
Would fain have spoil'd his princely form! At night!
All by himself! Oh, cruel, low-born cowards!
But what doth ail thee, brother? Art thou deaf?
Thou stand'st as cold as though I were relating
Some tale of ordinary happening!
Art thou a man?—Hast thou a heart?—Or, have
My words fused up the current of thy blood?
Why, your teeth should chatter!—Your two fists clench!—
Your form convulse, like Ætna's womb in travail!—
Each partic'lar hair should jostle 'gainst the other,
In fury at the deed!—Your eyes should roll!
And, like a basilisk, kill me with looking!

LOPEZ.

Strong joy, that my dear sister's love hath thus
So narrowly escaped the murd'rous stroke,
Doth push the feeling of revenge quite out
My breast; nay, more—doth even make me feel
A kind of gratitude unto the slaves,
Because their fatal aim hath missed its mark.

MARIANA.

Oh! cold, soulless man!—as well might I
Have told my tale unto yon senseless image!
Feel gratitude to midnight murderers!
If Ferd'naud's royal arm had aimed the blow,
In jealousy, lest that poor, unqueen'd Joan
(Because her love hath wandered long to him)
Might give him title to unking his brow;
Then might'st thou feel "a kind of gratitude,"
That powerful majesty had missed its aim;
So as just at that then present instant,
T' eclipse the outbreaks of revenge. But hired
Night-prowling, indiscriminate stabbers!—
Why, the man's no more mettle than an ass! *[Exit.]*

Picturesque and Historical Recollections during a Tour through
Belgium, Germany, France, and Switzerland, in the summer of
1835. By MATTHEW O'CONOR, Esq.—London: Orr & Co.

THE writer of this volume is evidently a man of considerable knowledge. His style is lively and energetic. He possesses what few writers possess, the ability of describing every thing that comes under his notice, in so vivid a style, that the reader may be said to have before him a minute, yet interesting description of the varied scenery and public edifices of each town and country

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through which he passed, which is enlivened with historical and classical reminiscences. The book is free from that party feeling, too often found in works that issue from the English press, treating of the Continent. Had we received the volume earlier we would have enriched our pages with copious extracts; as it is, we cheerfully recommend it to general perusal. To those persons who are about to visit the Continent this work will be found a valuable companion.

PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GREENACRE.—The portrait of Greenacre which adorns the frontispiece of a biography written by himself;—and which, in a variety of shapes has been presented to the public eye, would lead the observer to suppose that he possessed a fine elevated forehead and an excellent phrenological development. This, however, is very far from being the case, for a worse head than his can scarcely be imagined. It was below the average size, the forehead receded rapidly from the eyebrows, and the base was broad and expanded. The longitudinal vertex was sharp and ridgy, and fell off on each side so as to give the appearance which, by phrenologists, is denominated keel-shaped. The greatest breadth was in the region of destructiveness, which measured $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches from side to side. The breadth through Ideality being only 4 inches. The weight of brain, removed from the skull, was 2lb. 11oz.—the average weight being 3lb. 5oz.

Considered according to the divisions pointed out by Spurzheim, the upper or moral and religious region of the head, was particularly defective, especially the organs of Benevolence and Conscientiousness. The region so aptly denominated by the great founder of phrenology, poet's corner, which ordinarily forms the upper angle of the forehead, and is occupied by Ideality, Mirthfulness, &c., organs which tend materially to the refinement of character, was almost wanting. Veneration and Hope were the largest of the sentiments. But that region in which are placed the propensities of an entirely selfish character, was large and prominently developed. Thus, Destructiveness was very large, together with Alimentiveness, Acquisitiveness, and Secretiveness. Constructiveness was also large.

The social faculties were all large, and stood in the following relation to each other, Inhabitiveness, Amativeness, Attachment, and Philoprogenitiveness.

Of the inferior sentiments, Self-Esteem was the largest, then Love of Approbation and Cautiousness.

The intellectual faculties, which are situated in the front lobe of the brain, and give form to the forehead, were larger than in criminals generally convicted of heinous crimes. They were, however, far from possessing an average development with the rest of the brain. And the reflective organs which tend to give width to the forehead were very deficient.

The perceptive organs, as Individuality, Form, and Language, were large, and an individual possessed of these would pass current in the world as a shrewd and clever person, but, being deprived of reasoning power, would possess only that knowledge which is the result of memory, and which is generally very superficial.

The brain of Greenacre has been preserved, and an accurate cast has been made of his head.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE.

Thursday, April 27th.—About and after this time the benefit-nights produce the novelties. M. Conlon had the good taste to revive this evening "Don Giovanni," the master-piece of the immortal Mozart, for his benefit; and he was well rewarded by one of the most crowded audiences that the Opera walls have ever contained. The manager has found it to his interest to present this opera two or three times since; and we are at a loss to conceive why, when this magnificent production is so universally a favourite, he should set before us so continually the affected prettinesses of Donizetti and Bellini, instead of the acknowledged chef-d'œuvre of the highest composers. The "Don Giovanni" is so well known, that it would be an impertinence to offer on it our remarks; and we, therefore, content ourselves with a few observations on the present cast of the piece, which is strong and effective, except in the choruses which were not executed in a manner at all creditable to the house. La Grisi was the "Donna Anna;" and we think that she never looked better, sung more sweetly, or acted with greater feeling for her part. Of Rubini's "Giovanni" we cannot speak in equally high terms. He treats the severe classical music of Mozart, just as he would the flowery compositions of the Italian school, and continually overlards the chaste melodies of his part with ornaments quite out of character with the general style of the opera. It is vain to suppose that this singer can alter what forms the essential character of his singing; but we may still hope that he will, when singing Mozart's music, in some degree refrain from such exuberance of embellishments. They spoil, ruin its effect altogether. Madame Albertazzi was the "Zerlina" of the evening; and although her singing was chaste and graceful, there was a want of animation about her acting, that painfully recalled to our memory the spirit of Pasta and Malibran. This tameness was evident in the "Vedrai carino" more than in another that we heard. Her duet with Rubini, "La ci darem," however, was very beautifully executed, and drew down very general applause. Inchindi was just respectable as "Masetto;" and we may say a very little more in praise of Mademoiselle Assandri's "Elvira." The best acted character of the opera was beyond all question the "Leporello" of Lablache, who makes the accommodating valet more grotesquely humorous than he ever was made by former personators. He seems to be full to overflowing with wit and fun; and then his tremendous voice most effectively seconds his comic abilities. "Laughter holding both his sides" had undisputed sway throughout the house. Of his way of treating the music, we may fairly say, that no one concerned in the piece understood the purity of Mozart's composition, and knew how to exhibit it, as well as Lablache. His performance came as near to perfection as any thing we ever saw or heard on the Opera stage.

Thursday, May 4th.—Perhaps the finest specimen of the Italian opera buffa is the “*Matrimonio Segreto* ;” and it is highly creditable to Lablache’s taste, that he should have selected for his benefit a production so little known to our opera-frequenters, but so replete with pure and classical melody. The house was not so full as it might be expected to have been ; but the audience evinced by the warm reception which they gave Lablache how highly they value his great abilities. We need scarcely say that the *beneficiaire* himself was the “*Geronimo* :”—he both sung and acted quite *à merveille* and beyond all praise. Madame Albertazzi was the maiden aunt “*Fidalma* ;” but she had no conception of her character, and seemed content with doing the vocal business :—MaliLran was rather extravagant in her way of treating the part ; but in such a piece we could more easily tolerate over-colouring than cold correctness. Mademoiselle Assandri was an efficient representative of the petulant and jealous “*Elisetta* ;” and her singing in the concerted pieces indicated her possession of no ordinary musical science. The “*Carolina*” was of course consigned to Madame Grisi ; and to what better hands could it have been committed ? The music in many parts is extremely difficult, and could only have been executed by a singer of consummate skill : the dramatic part, besides, requires the exercise of very high histrionic talent to set it off to perfection. Grisi acquitted herself both as singer and actress in a way that called down, as it deserved, the warmest applause from all parts of the house.

May 16.—Costa’s ‘*Malek Adel*,’ which first appeared in Paris last season, was produced this evening for Rubini’s benefit. It professes to be founded on Madame Cottin’s ‘*Mathilde* ;’ but it is a most spiritless production,—one of the poorest affairs that ever served as a peg for music. The words, however, are quite good enough for the music, which is in the very worst style of the Italian school and cannot boast of novelty either in the melody or instrumentation. There is no overture to M. Costa’s opera, unless the introduction consisting of two or three pieces from the body of the opera be so called. The choruses, too, and the finales are feeble and ineffective. There were parts, however, which very much pleased us and showed that the composer, if not quite original, has great tact in adapting the ideas of other writers to his own purposes.

The close of the second act, including the fifth and sixth scenes, is unquestionably the best portion of the work. We were forcibly struck with the hymn performed within the convent. The conception of this scene, indeed, reflects no inconsiderable credit on the composer :—it is decidedly impressive, if not absolutely new. A quintett in the first act pleased us much, though it abounded with reminiscences. The brightest point, however, in the opera, is a solo for Malek, in which that heroic personage pledges himself to slay Lusignan. It is skilfully adapted for Rubini’s voice ; and splendidly was it delivered :—indeed Rubini was in his glory the whole night. Grisi, too, sang in her most finished manner—particularly a prayer in the second act. Lablache, Tamburini, Ivanoff, and Albertazzi, acquitted themselves with their usual excellence.

DRURY-LANE.

May 15.—The appearance of Madame Schroöder Devrient as the representative of an anglicised *Fidelio* naturally induced many to apprehend a failure; and we must confess that we were not very sanguine as to her success. Every fear, however, vanished in less than an hour after the rise of the curtain. It is true that she has a foreign accent, which to very fastidious persons may be disagreeable; but she looks, speaks,—nay breathes the character so completely, that the hearer's attention is called off from minor defects to the absorbing beauties of her representation. Less dazzling than Malibran, she shines forth with an equal and steady light and illumines every part of the picture with beauty and transparency. Malibran's *Fidelio* when compared to Schroöder's was like a splendid melodrama placed by the side of a severely chaste and classical tragedy:—Malibran was great, but she must yield the palm to one, who so much better understands how to treat the music of Beethoven and to bring out all its latent beauties. With the exception of Wilson as Florestan and Seguin as Rococo, who acquitted themselves very respectably, we cannot say much in praise of those who supported the subordinate parts. The choruses in particular were very bad, and painfully reminded us of their inferiority to the German choruses some years ago. Madame Schroöder was evidently frightened on her first appearance and did not give full force to her part; but she has since entirely recovered her self-possession; and she now seems to be perfectly at ease in her English disguise.

May 25.—Mr. Balfe has chosen a story from the life of 'the good queen Bess' for the subject of his new opera. The amorous queen falls in love with the Earl of Hertford, one of her courtiers and favourites,—who, however, being pre-engaged to the Lady Catherine Grey, cannot requite her affection. Her anger at a subjects' refusal of her proffered favours prompts her to deeds of violence; and her conduct to Lord Hertford and Lady C. Grey is neither very queenly nor very charitable. The lady is imprisoned, and the gentleman is condemned to death; but most suddenly and unaccountably Elizabeth relents, forgives the lovers, and joins their hands. The drama is tolerably well got up by the author; and the composer has done his part of the work in a manner highly creditable to himself. The melodies are new, and often very beautiful, and they are well adapted to the emphasis and expression of the words; and the finale,—which reminded us of the 'Non piu mesta' of the *Cenerentola*,—is one of the most beautiful pieces that we have ever seen. Mrs. Wood's performance in Catherine Grey was splendid; and if it brought out her faults, it at the same time exhibited her high excellencies both as a singer and actress. Miss Romer looked absolutely ridiculous as the Queen; but she must thank the author for placing her in her awkward position. Balfe played Hertford:—he looked well, and sang his own music admirably.

COVENT-GARDEN.

April 20th.—Our space last month precluded any mention of Mr. Sheridan Knowles's "Brian Boroihme;" and, as it is more than probable that this miserable production will be merely matter of history, before our reader shall see these remarks, they may perhaps be

deemed supererogatory. But when a man, who has a reputation as a dramatic writer and whose past works justly claim for him the respect of the public, tries to foist on us as productions worthy of his talent the abortive attempts of his earlier days, he must expect that they will be rejected. It is true, that the piece has been revised and improved; but the result of such revision is a patchiness discernible even by persons of very moderate perceptive powers. Let Mr. Knowles sit down once more and address himself to the business of writing another "Hunchback" or another "Virginus." In these poverty-stricken times we cannot spare him; and he must show us that he can do something worthy of his first reputation: but no more "Wrecker's Daughter" or "Brian Boroihme." Above all, Mr. Knowles must doff the buskin; for, to be candid with him,—as a great actor was not many months back,—he knows no more of acting than he does of rope-dancing. If he will murder Shakspeare, let him: the writer of "Julius Cæsar" knows not death. But let him not murder his own productions. If he had followed a friend's advice with respect to the "Wrecker's Daughter" and *not* acted, the play would most probably have been saved. Mr. Knowles has altogether mistaken his *métier*.

May 1st.—The production of a new tragedy is now little more than a nine-days' wonder. They "come like shadows,—so depart," and leave no permanent impression on the memory. Mr. Macready paid *his friend* Mr. Browning the compliment of producing his tragedy of "Strafford" for his own benefit, and of personating the chief character of that drama. As a literary production, we cannot upon sound principles of criticism give it any thing beyond a very qualified praise; for we will never consent to the substitution of unfinished sentences and unmeaning repetitions for the plain-spoken expression of the feelings. The *quid-nuncs* among the theatrical critics most violently assailed Mr. Serjeant Talfourd for not producing a good *acting* play: will they venture to say that Mr. Browning's is a good *acting* play? Away with the silly distinction. Look at Shakspeare's—any or all of them,—are they not excellent both in the closet and on the stage:—look at Massinger's "Fatal Dowry" and "The New Way to Pay Old Debts:"—who will deny either to be good reading and acting plays? And in later days, although in an inferior degree, may we not award the same praise to the "Rienzi" of Miss Mitford and to the "Hunchback" of Knowles? The same *éloge* justice permits us not to give to "Strafford." As a reading play, it is altogether destitute of poetry,—indeed the book will be searched in vain for a poetic figure. But the baldness and prosaic character of the production are not the only faults with which it is chargeable. The character of the political renegade has been entirely mistaken by Mr. Browning; who has sunk the heroic pride and noble intrepidity of this bad but great man into a fawning fondness, a fretful, peevish, drivelling weakness of *morale*. The "Wentworth" of Mr. Browning is not the historic personage; and with regard to the language of his part, what person would take Mr. Browning's "Wentworth" to be what history says he was,—“one of the greatest masters of persuasion that age or any other produced?” Why look even at the Strafford of Vandyke; could the stern aristocrat on that painter's canvass con-

descend to such base refinings, such girlish lamentations? As respects the impetuosity of his temper some attempt has been made to portray this feature; but who, that reads the following extract from Act iii. Scene 3, which exhibits Wentworth's conduct after his trial, will say that it is aught else than "passion torn to tatters—o'erdoing Termagant—out-heroding Herod?"

(The doors open, and STRAFFORD in the greatest disorder, and amid cries from within of "Void the House," staggers out. When he reaches the front of the stage, silence.)

Strafford. Impeach me! Pym! I never struck, I think,
The felon on that calm insulting mouth
When it proclaimed—Pym's mouth proclaimed me—God!
Was it a word, only a word that held
The outrageous blood back on my heart—which beats!
Which beats! Some one word—"Traitor," did he say,
Bending that eye, brimful of bitter fire,
Upon me?

Maxwell. (Advancing.) In the Commons' name, their servant
Demands Lord Strafford's sword.

Strafford. What did you say?

Maxwell. The Commons bid me ask your Lordship's sword.

STRAFFORD (suddenly recovering, and looking round, draws it, and turns to his followers).

Let us go forth—follow me, gentlemen—
Draw your swords too—cut any down that bar us!
On the King's service! Maxwell, clear the way!

(The PRESBYTERIANS prepare to dispute his passage.)

Strafford. Ha—true!—That is, you mistake me, utterly—

I will stay—the king himself shall see me—here—

Here—I will stay, Mainwaring!—First of all,

(To MAXWELL.) Your tablets, fellow! (He writes on them.)

(To MAINWARING.) Give that to the king!

Yes, Maxwell, for the next half-hour, I will—

I will remain your prisoner, I will!

Nay, you shall take my sword! (MAXWELL advances to take it.)

No—no—not that!

Their blood, perhaps, may wipe out all thus far—

All up to that—not that! Why, friend, you see

When the king lays his head beneath my foot

It will not pay for that! Go, all of you!

Maxwell. I grieve, my lord, to disobey: none stir.

Strafford. This gentle Maxwell! Do not touch him, Bryan!

(To the PRESBYTERIAN.) Whichever cur of you will carry this

I'll save him from the fate of all the rest—

I'll have him made a peer—I'll—none will go?

None?

(Cries from within of "STRAFFORD.")

(To his FOLLOWERS.) Slingsby, I've loved you at least—my friend,

Stab me! I have not time to tell you why.

You then, dear Bryan! You Mainwaring, then!

—Ah, that's because I spoke so hastily

At Allerton—the king had vexed me.

(To the PRESBYTERIANS.) You

Miscreants—you then—that I'll exterminate!

Not even you? If I live over it
 The king is sure to have your heads—you know
 I'm not afraid of that—you understand
 That if I chose to wait—made up my mind
 To live this minute—he would do me right!
 But what if I can't live this minute through?
 If nothing can repay that minute? Pym
 With his pursuing smile—Pym to be there!

(*Louder cries of "STRAFFORD."*)

The king! I troubled him, stood in the way
 Of his negotiations, was the one
 Great obstacle to peace, the enemy
 Of Scotland; and he sent for me, from York,
 My safety guaranteed, having prepared
 A parliament! I see! And at Whitehall
 The queen was whispering with Vane—I see
 The trap! I curse the king! I wish Pym well!
 Wish all his brave friends well! Say, all along
 Strafford was with them—all along, at heart,
 I hated Charles and wished them well! And say
 (*tearing off the George and dashing it down*)

That as I tread this gewgaw under foot,
 I cast his memory from me! One stroke, now!
 (*His own adherents disarm him. Renewed cries of "STRAFFORD."*)
 I'll not go—they shall drag me by the hair!
 (*Changing suddenly to calm.*) England! I see her arm in this! I yield.
 Why—'tis the fairest triumph! Why desire
 To cheat them? I would never stoop to that—
 Be mean enough for that! Let all have end!
 Don't repine, Slingsby—have they not a right?
 They claim me—hearken—lead me to them, Bryan!
 No—I myself should offer up myself.
 Pray you now—Pym awaits me—pray you now!

(*Putting aside those who attempt to support him, STRAFFORD reaches the doors
 —they open wide. HAMPDEN, &c., and a crowd discovered; and at the bar,
 PYM standing apart. As STRAFFORD kneels the scene shuts.*)

To Mr. Macready the author owes a heavy debt. In the hands of whom else, but such a consummately talented actor, could such balderdash have failed to meet with immediate damnation? His exertions to save the credit of his friend were for a while triumphant; but he could not make him the partner of his glory. The actor was honoured, while the author was disgraced. If such was the portraiture of "Strafford," the great and only hero of the piece, what shall we say of the other and less conspicuous actors in the drama? "Pym," instead of being the high-minded and patriotic being, who would sink every private consideration in a regard for the public good, is, in the play, a mere political intriguer of no very high order, and one whom private feelings and not public principles have led to oppose the *ci-devant* reformer. Vandenhoff looked the stern patriot to admiration, and spoke what was set down for him with a spirit which showed that he understood "Pym"—at least as well as the author. As for "Charles," the part which was most weakly conceived was more detestably acted by Mr. Dale. "Lady Carlisle,"

"a character purely imaginative," which was assigned to Helen Faucit, is little more than a namby-pamby, well-affectioned girl, with very common feelings displayed under very uncommon circumstances. Indeed we may say of this tragedy, that, if Aristotle was correct in saying that its object is to purify the passions through the influence of pity and terror, it is sadly misnamed; for we should think very ill of the mental constitution of any one, who could pity the fate of such a driveller as "Strafford" or be terrified by the fustian uttered in the torrents of his passion.

Our readers must not think us tedious, if we venture on another extract from the closing scene, which was most splendidly acted by Macready and Vandenhoff: indeed, it was a triumph of art. We have italicised a passage or two; and they need only to be marked in order to be rated at their true value by men of sense. They will illustrate better than mere statements the charge of "vain repetitions," undefined expressions, and unmeaning bombast that we urge against Mr. Browning as the author of "Strafford."

(As STRAFFORD opens the door, PYM is discovered with HAMPDEN, VANE, &c. STRAFFORD falls back to the front of the stage: PYM follows slowly and confronts him.)

Pym. Have I done well? Speak, England! Whose great sake
I still have laboured for, with disregard
To my own heart,—for whom my youth was made
Barren, *my future dark*, to offer up
Her sacrifice—this man, this Wentworth here,
That walked in youth with me, loved me it may be,
And whom, for his forsaking England's cause,
I hunted by all means (trusting that she
Would sanctify all means) even to the grave
That yawns for him. And saying this, I feel
No bitter pang than first I felt, the hour
I swore that Wentworth might leave us,—but I
Would never leave him: I do leave him now!
I render up my charge (be witness, God!)
To England who imposed it! I have done
Her bidding—poorly, wrongly,—it may be
With ill effects—for I am but a man—
Still, I have done my best, my very best,
Not faltering for a moment! I have done!

(After a pause.)

And that said, *I will say—yes, I will say*
I never loved but this man—David not
More Jonathan! Even thus, I love him now:
And look for my chief portion in that world
Where great hearts led astray are turned again,
(*Soon it may be—and—yes—it will be soon:*
My mission over, I shall not live long!)—
Aye here I know I talk—and I will talk
Of England, and her great reward, as all
I look for there; but in my inmost heart
Believe I think of stealing quite away
To walk once more with Wentworth—with my friend
Purged from all error, gloriously renewed,
And Eliot shall not blame us! Then indeed—

(This is no meeting, Wentworth! Tears rise up
Too hot—A thin mist—is it blood?—enwraps
The face I loved so!) Then, shall the meeting be!
Then—then—then—I may kiss that hand, I know!

Strafford. (Walks calmly up to Pym and offers his hand.)
I have loved England too; we'll meet then, Pym!
As well to die! Youth is the time—our youth,
To think and to decide on a great course:
Age with its action follows; but 'tis dreary
To have to alter one's whole life in age—
The time past, the strength gone! as well die now.
When we meet, Pym, I'd be set right—not now!
I'd die as I have lived—too late to change!
Best die. Then if there's any fault, it will
Be smothered up: much best! You'll be too busy
With your hereafter, you will have achieved
Too many triumphs to be always dwelling
Upon my downfall, Pym? Poor little Laud
May dream his dream out of a perfect church
In some blind corner! *And there's no one left—*

(He glances on the KING.)

I trust the king now wholly to you, Pym!
*And yet—I know not! What if with this weakness—
And I shall not be there—And he'll betray
His friends—if he has any—And he's false—
And loves the queen, and—*

*Oh, my fate is nothing—
Nothing! But not that awful head—not that!*

Pym, save the king! Pym, save him! Stay—you shall—
For you love England! I, that am dying, think
What I must see—'tis here—all here! *My God!*
*Let me but gasp out, in one word of fire,
How Thou wilt plague him, satiating hell!
What? England that you love—our land—become
A green and putrefying charnel, left
Our children—some of us have children, Pym—
Some who, without that, still must ever wear
A darkened brow, an over-serious look,
And never properly be young.*

No word!

You will not say a word—to me—to him!

(Turning to CHARLES.)

Speak to him, as you spoke to me, that day!
Nay, I will let you pray to him, my king,
Pray to him! He will kiss your feet, I know!

*What if I curse you? Send a strong curse forth
Clothed from my heart, lapped round with horror, till
She's fit, with her white face, to walk the world,
Scaring kind natures from your cause and you—
Then to sit down with you, at the board-head,
The gathering for prayer—*

Vane. O speak, Pym! Speak!

*Strafford. Creep up, and quietly follow each one home—
You—you—you—be a nestling care for each
To sleep with, hardly moaning in his dreams—
She gnaws so quietly—until he starts—*

Gets off with half a heart eaten away— --

Oh you shall 'scape with less if she's my child!]

Vane (to Pym). We never thought of this—surely not dreamed
Of this—it never can—could come to this!

Pym (after a pause). If England should declare her will to me—

Strafford. No—not for England, now—not for heaven, now—
See, Pym—for me! My sake! I kneel to you!

There—I will thank you for the death—my friend,

This is the meeting—you will send me proud

To my chill grave! Dear Pym—I'll love you well!

Save him for me, and let me love you well!

Pym. England—I am thine own! Dost thou exact

That service? I obey thee to the end!

Strafford (as he totters out). O God, I shall die first—I shall die
first!

We do not deny the author's possession of considerable tact in the management of his dramatic situations; and he has, no doubt, shadowed in his own mind the individuality of "Strafford;" but, allowing that he had made no mistake in the conception of the character, he has not, independently of that, sketched it in such a way as to give to others an idea of his meaning. What Macready makes the character, he did not get from his written part: he either created a being of his own or else read what history tells us of the real "Strafford," who, notwithstanding his shameful tergiversation, still deserves our pity, as a high-spirited though mistaken man offering himself as an unavailing sacrifice for the sinfulness and insincerity of an obstinate tyrant and master.

By the way, we may observe, in conclusion, how injudicious it is for an author's friends and *claqueurs* to call on him to appear before the audience, when such a feeling with respect to the play was manifested, as was *really* the case, on the first night of its representation. The whole system—now so much in vogue,—of calling on actors to make an unmeaning bow, is at once indelicate towards the performer and ridiculous in the audience. "Oh, reform it altogether." Such persons as Macready, Vandenhoff, Farren, and Helen Faucit, ought to give a lesson to public taste by leaving the house instantly after the conclusion of the play. A few unsuccessful calls would soon tire the most noisy audience.

JOURNAL OF FACTS.

British Museum. We are happy to inform our readers, that the new regulations with regard to this establishment, show an increased spirit of liberality on the part of the Trustees. The hours during which the collections and reading-rooms are open, have been increased, and many other steps have been taken, which, if they be not effective reforms, will at least be received as promises of better times.

The public are admitted to the British Museum on *Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays*, between the hours of Ten and Four, from the 7th September to the 1st May; and between the hours of Ten and Seven from the 7th May to the 1st September.

Persons are admitted to the Reading Rooms every day, from Nine o'Clock in the Morning until Four in the Afternoon, between the 7th September and the 1st May, and until Seven in the Evening between the 7th May and the 1st September.

Artists are admitted to the Galleries of Sculpture every day, between the hours of Nine and Four, except Saturday.

The Museum is closed between the 1st and 7th January, the 1st and 7th May, and the 1st and 7th September, and on Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, and Christmas-day, and also on any Special Fast or Thanksgiving Day ordered by Authority.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
Balance in hand, Dec. 25, 1835	527	3	6
Parliamentary grants, 1836	21429	10	0
Dividends on Stock bequeathed, &c.	1289	15	8
Rent of Estate left by the Duke of Bridgewater	20	15	5
Sale of Museum Publications, &c.	361	1	10
	23628	6	5

PAYMENTS.

	Actual Outlay in 1836.			Estimate for 1837.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Salaries	4395	18	10	6200	0	0
Domestic charges :—Coals, Gas, Taxes, &c.	1190	5	9	1420	0	0
Binding and Stationery	1388	15	9	1700	0	0
Purchase of MSS.	2724	2	0	700	0	0
— Printed Books	2002	6	3	3750	0	0
— Maps				250	0	0
— Minerals	577	9	0	700	0	0
— Zoological Specimens	529	4	4	1500	0	0
— Botanical do.	22	5	6	20	0	0
— Coins	765	11	0	1050	0	0
— Engravings	195	13	6	350	0	0
— Casts of Marbles	219	16	11	219	16	11
Printing, &c.	1174	2	3	1320	0	0
Moulds, casts, and repairs of Antiquities	374	0	7	1519	16	11
Law Expenses	58	5	8	100	0	0
	23291	7	5	30853	19	7

EXPENDITURE OF SPECIAL PARLIAMENTARY GRANTS 1

Received during the Year 1836.

	£	s.	d.
Paid for Egyptian Antiquities, including Sarcophagus of the Queen of Amasis - - - - -	855	5	10
Due to the Representatives of Messrs. Sotheby, for Egyptian Antiquities purchased in 1836 - - - - -	62	18	2
For the purchase of Antique Vases - - - - -	3473	18	7
For the purchase of Etchings by the Dutch Masters - - - - -	5000	0	0
For the Purchase of a MS. Bible, said to have belonged to Charlemagne - - - - -	750	0	0
	£10142	2	7

	1831.	1836.
Persons admitted to see the British Museum collections	99912	383157
— — — — — Reading Rooms - - - - -	38200	62360
— — — — — Print Room - - - - -	4400	2916
Students and Artists to the Sculpture Galleries - - - - -	4938	7052

Capital and Population employed in Manufactures.—The following account, founded on Mr. McCulloch's observations, seems on the whole fit to be depended on.

	Pop. employed.	Value.
Coal trade - - - - -	135000	£7945000
Iron-smelting - - - - -	220000	7500000
Copper, Tin, and Lead - - - - -	78000	2600000
Salt - - - - -	8000	650000
Stone and Slate - - - - -	4800	74250
Fisheries - - - - -	83000	3500000
Woollen Manufactures - - - - -	334600	22500000
Cotton ditto - - - - -	1500000	32500000
Linen ditto - - - - -	185000	8000000
Silk ditto - - - - -	207300	6600000
Hardware, Trinkets, &c. - - - - -	325000	17000000
Watches and Jewellery - - - - -	14120	1692270
Leather - - - - -	233000	13500000
Earthenware - - - - -	58000	2350000
Glass - - - - -	50000	2000000
Paper - - - - -	28000	1300000
Hats - - - - -	34000	2520000
Soap and Candles - - - - -	not known	6773000
Coach-making - - - - -	6800	1230000

We are not able to go into authentic details with respect to other manufactures.

Church Bells.—A new and powerful, but economical species of bell has been invented by a blacksmith of Thuringia. It is made with three bars of steel forming a triangle.

Greenwich Railway.—During the ho-

liday time of Whitsuntide from the 11th to the 17th of May, the passengers on this railway amounted to 76,121,—the amount received being £2,090. 8s. 5d. The returns during the corresponding days at Easter, were,—passengers, 62,802 —returns, £1,734. 1s. 2d.

Stone Meal used in China for Food in the time of Famine.—In the vast empire of China the most terrible famines sometimes occur. Men of wealth have been reduced to sell their wives and children, furniture, and houses to procure food, and that food, perhaps, nothing more than the rind of a tree, or a decomposed stone found occasionally in the mountains. The Chinese assert that this stone is a miraculous production. However, there is little doubt that it is merely a soft whitish stone pulverized by the sun and air, and, if sought for, to be found probably at any time. M. Biot has lately taken pains to enquire into the causes of those calamities which drive an industrious people to such extremities. China contains immense plains in a high state of cultivation, with large rivers running through them, the beds of which are obliged to be kept clean, by great labour, from the perpetual deposits. While these rivers are restrained within their due bounds by the artificial banks thrown up for the purpose, they afford the means of fruitful irrigation; but when they once overflow, they spread devastation to an indescribable extent. Hundreds of thousands of acres are involved in one common ruin, and the poor wretches that escape drowning fly to the mountains to perish by thousands for want of food. It is in this destitution they seek out these stones, and not having previously taken the trouble to look for them, they attribute their appearance to miracles.

National Maps.—It is in contemplation to recommend a National survey of the whole of England, on a scale sufficiently large to set down every road, path, hedge, ditch, and boundary, throughout the country. In the Irish survey, the plan is about six inches to the mile. This probably would be large enough, and if, when once executed, every parish had half a dozen or more copies of its own district, and was afterwards compelled at the end of every year or oftener, to lay in any alteration that had occurred, we could at all times command a perfect plan of the country, with an accurate chronology of its varying features. Of what immense value would this be to the laying out of railways, canals, &c., especially if the principal levels were also recorded on the maps. This has been done in Bavaria with great success by the government.

Velocity of the River Amazon.—The swelling tide of the mighty Amazon, for the space of 600 miles before it discharges its flood into the deep, has only a fall of 10½ feet, which is about 1-5th of an inch per mile. For the space of 600 miles from the embouchure of this great river, the tides of the Atlantic silently oppose its lazy flow, but above this point the declivity is about six inches per mile, and the mean hydraulic depth, perhaps, about seventy fathoms; hence, the velocity of its waters must be between fourteen and fifteen miles per hour. At this point, therefore, the opposition is dreadfully increased, and the conflict of the water is tremendous; the action of this enormous hydraulic ram of nature produces such a revulsion in the waters of the Amazon, that waves, rising sometimes to the height of 180 feet, roll back upon the rapid stream with the noise of a cataract, overwhelming all the banks of the Orellanic region. This phenomenon, justly called the *bore*, or by the Indians, *pororoca*, must for ever impede the useful navigation of this king of rivers.

Proportion of Births and Deaths.—In most nations of Europe the yearly births are as one in thirty, while the deaths are as one in forty; that is to say, the increase in ten years is nearly nine per cent. The greatest increase of population yet observed is in the United States, where, independently of the gains from migration, (about 58,000 yearly,) the population has increased for some time, at the rate of thirty-two per cent in ten years. This is just twice the rate of increase observable in England.

Migration to America.—The gain to N. America previously to 1820 did not exceed 20,000 annually; but the numbers have greatly increased. Between 1825 and 1829 the immigration of British and Irish was at the rate of 23,050 annually; but between 1829 and 1834 the average was 73,440. Ireland sends about 23,000 yearly.

Decrease of Deaths in England.—In England the progressive diminution of the mortality during the four decennial periods from 1780 to 1820, was extremely regular. Out of a constant population of 1,000, the annual deaths at the four decennial periods ending with 1790, 1800, 1810, and 1820, were 27, 25, 22, and 20, respectively. The introduction of *Vaccination* in 1800 produced no interruption in the course of diminution then in progress. It can hardly be denied that the deaths from small-pox have been diminished by vaccination; but it may be doubted whether the deaths from other

diseases have not been proportionally increased. The diminution in the aggregate mortality of the English nation has been derived wholly from the diminution of the mortality of children.

Railway from Vienna to Milan.—The railroad from Vienna to Milan is approved by the emperor, and all the shares are disposed of. It will commence on the island on which the custom-house is built, and be carried over arches to the main land. It is calculated that the journey from Vienna to Milan will be performed in six hours.

Earthquake in Greece.—The *Venice Gazette* of April 17, gives details of a second earthquake in Greece, which has had the most deplorable consequences. It happened on the 1st of April, in the four islands of Hydra, Spezzia, Poros, and Santorino. The shocks continued a week, and it seems that the central point from which they proceeded was the last island, almost the whole of which has disappeared. It is said that above 4,000 persons perished; but we hope that these accounts are greatly exaggerated. The accounts from Trieste of the 18th have news of the 3rd of April, received from Athens, which give a dreadful picture of the disasters of Santorino, the town and its inhabitants having been swallowed up by the sea, and no vestige remaining.

Female Education in France.—In the elementary schools, the present number of which is 43,951, the total number of children attending is 2,453,954,—of whom 1,627,110 are boys, and 826,844 girls. By a reference to the population returns, it will be seen that the girls thus educated do not amount to one-sixth of the female population between the ages of four and fifteen:—hence it cannot be doubted that there still remain as many as 13,000,000 females not enjoying the blessings of public education.—*Central Society of Education.*

London and Birmingham Railway.—The Watford tunnel on this railway is now completed. It is one mile and seventy yards in length, twenty-five feet high, and twenty-four in width. The greatest portion of it is through sand and gravel mixed, which render the work difficult and dangerous. The embankment along the Coln valley, Watford, seventy feet in height, is also finished. We understand that a few miles near

town are to be opened for the running of carriages during the present month (June)

Origin of Savings Banks.—The first bank of this nature in Europe was opened at Berne in 1787; and its object was to induce the domestic servants of that place to husband their savings. The sphere of its operations was soon enlarged, and in 1829 the deposits amounted to 831,000 francs (£33,240) of which about one-fifth belonged to mechanics. The institution set up at Geneva about the same time failed for want of encouragement. The savings bank at Basle, still existing, was established in 1792. The earliest in England was that at Tottenham—opened in 1798.

Consumption of Coal in England.—The following statement is taken from Mr. M'Culloch's Statistics of the B. Empire.

Tons	
Domestic consumption, &c...	15,000,000
Production of 700,000 tons	
of Iron	3,850,000
Cotton manufacture	
(240,000,000 lb.)	800,000
Woollen, linen, silk, &c,	500,000
Copper-smelting, lead-works,	
brass-working, &c,	450,000
Salt-works	300,000
Lime-works	500,000
	<hr/>
	21,400,000
Exports to Ireland, colonies, &c	1,350,000

22,750,000

Agricultural Schools.—The general adoption of such establishments would be a great boon to the peasantry of this country,—if at least it be the most important business of education to train children to honest and industrious habits. We are happy to see schools destined for country children established and in active operation at Ealing, Winkfield near Windsor, Chelmsford, Ockham in Surrey, Lindfield near Cuckfield in Surrey, and one or two other places. That boys should be taught gardening and the use of tools—that they should learn, in short, those common businesses which are calculated to make them adroit and independent rural labourers—is highly desirable; and the success which the plans pursued in the above places have met with, ought to induce persons throughout the country to forward such philanthropic measures.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The following works have just appeared:—

No. 5. of *The Churches of London*. By George Godwin, junr. Architect, and John Britton.

Part X. of *The Shakspeare Gallery*.

Part X. of *Fisher's Views in Syria, the Holy Land, Asia Minor, &c.*

No. XXX. of *Winkless's Cathedrals*.

Part VI. of *Finden's Ports and Harbours of Great Britain*.

No. XXXIX. of Vol. IV. of *The Architectural Magazine*.

Nos. XXXVI. and XXXVII. of *Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum*.

Part LXXV. of *The Encyclopædia Britannica*.

A Little Book for Little Readers.

The Child's First Book of Manners.

. These two little volumes are neatly got up, and are well suited for young children.

The following will appear immediately:—

Eureka—by the author of "*Mephistopheles in England*." 3 Vols. post 8vo.

The Poet's Daughter,—a novel, in 3 vols. 8vo.

Souvenirs of a Summer in Germany, 2 Vols. 8vo.

Snarley Yow, 3 Vols. post 8vo.,—by Captain Marryat.

Maternal Instructions on the Rite of Confirmation.

END OF VOL. XXIII.

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